

NBC'S FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY



75¢

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CASTLE
of

FRANKENSTEIN







WRAPAROUND Cover: In Super Colorman, THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD, by artist Marzio the Magician!

FRANKENSTEIN

OPERATING TABLE OF CONTENTS

LETTERS — Where readers and Editor get together.	4
GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD A Golden Voyage into Magic and Animation: Ray HARRYHAUGEN'S First film in over four years.	6
JONATHAN — 1973's widely acclaimed Vampire Spectacle.	16
NBC's FRANKENSTEIN It rocked the entertainment world.	18
CoF's SLAYMATE Spotlighting: Caroline Munro.	25
VAMPIRA — Will the next Count Dracula please stand up?	26
INVASION OF THE BOOY SNATCHERS — An in-depth study of the film, and an interview with director DON SIEGEL.	28
CoF's TV MOVIEGUIDE It's now O-ficial.	38
FRANKENSTEIN AT LARGE: Film Reviews	43
On TV	47
Best & Worst Films of '73	49
SFantaFilm News	50
Book and Mag Reviews	51
Comic Book Reviews	53
CoFANADDICTS GALLERY Is your name listed? And What were you in '73?	58

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THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

1973 was a remarkable horror jammed year... but in more ways than just one. Squelched out this issue is CoF's special expose of the so-called Energy Crisis—otherwise known as A Crisis A Day Kries Presidential Impeachment Essay. If nothing sensational happens between now and next issue, maybe we'll run it anyway. But even a ruinous thing like the Fuel "Crisis" comes some raised "bleeping," ironic though it is: People seem to be less selfish, fewer cars are on the road as more car pools are getting organized. With or without a Power Problem, though, it would be great some day to see some level of "law" or something passed that would ban cars, carrying only one passenger, from venturing into business areas during peak hours (certain publishers and editors of SFantaFilm excepted, of course, along with other professionals working for the good of mankind).

Even if the Energy "problem" is a gigantic hoax (which it is), the Bureaucratic Numb-skulls aren't even suggesting that staggering working hours around a 24-hour day would be a boon. It'd cut down heavily on fuel waste, busses would boom, and air pollution would drop dramatically. The reason Bureaucracy doesn't make similar suggestions is because it would play hob with their age-long conspiracy to keep society in perpetual anxiety and semi-demoralization. For a change, more people seem aware of this than usual. It's going to prove very interesting, in 1974, to see what they determine doing about it.

Even as 1973 neared its end, SFantasy-Imaginos rose more importantly than ever. Even though large-scale investments were made back in '68 with such films as 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, ROSEMARY'S BABY, and PLANET OF THE APES, never has film industry reacted with such enthusiasm over SFantasy as it's done recently. Reaching more people in two evenings than any genre anthology since before, NBC-TV's airing of FRANKENSTEIN excited the whole world, drew in excellent high ratings, and was an open admission on the part of film investors that SFantasy is what the public wants! And, tragic as MGM's withdrawal from theatrical films may be, it's singularly ironic that WESTWORLD, their first production, should emerge as a colossal box-office success after a long string of MGM flops.

Meanwhile, at TV, Hollywood and overseas filmmakers are busier more busily with numerous SFantasy productions. Woody Allen's SLEEPER and the \$13 million dollar THE EXORCIST are causing near panics at the box office. As we go to press, both have played nearly two weeks first to mention others in the genre filling theaters to capacity. Reports reaching us from all over the country state the difficulty of getting into a theatre, two to five hour waiting periods, standing on line!

Most interesting of all reports is that SFantasy-horror-Supernaturalers will constitute more than 50% of all theatrical releases and through it's always backward at least 20% of prime time TV in 1974. It'll be a most impressive and unusual year.

— Calvin T. Beck —

Address all mail to **GOTHIC CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017**
Keep those cards and letters pouring in, gang!

RKO—[1948] included in your Frankenstein TV Movieguide "my sister" is really like to see it released. This is my second favorite Hitchcock film: *Psycho*, North by Northwest, Vertigo, Rear Window, Strangers on a Train and The 39 Steps are tied for first place. I'm a great admirer of Hitchcock, and it also seems to me that you've never really editorialized on his other very interesting (though not necessarily good) film, *The Birds*. Considering Mr. Hitchcock's prodigious talents, any one of his films is worth mention on this page of your fine magazine.

I would also be very interested in corresponding with other Hitchcock fans. Chris Kozlowski, 8115 Columbia, Detroit, Mich. 48228.

—I've somehow the odder feeling we've overlooked Hitchcock's *NOTORIOUS*. No, my opinion was really on purpose. Granted that in our long and upcoming history of Hitchcock films we'll cover all of this master's productions, there are at least a few which do not quite fall even within CoF's broad interpretation of "imaginative" films. Though I personally like *NOTORIOUS* very much (and some critics think it's one of Hitch's most stylized efforts), it carries a heavy dreary/drama mood, saturated with well-written, eloquent but overlong exchanges of dialogue. Nearly everything else, almost innumerable romantic interludes between *Brennan* and *Grant* whittle down what little action-suspense seems to exist. Conspicuously looking supporting players, Claude Rains as a smooth but rakishly evilish man, just a hairline removed from madness (who suspects Brennan and her partner her dirty to death), and bars of a blood-red color are all tied in neatly by Hitch and his usual bag of ingenious over-the-top devices. Perhaps we erred and should recognize it as a "CoF type" film. But compared to Hitch's other high-drama output, *S. M. K. M. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT*, *SUBOTICIN*, and so many more, it seemed too mild and marginal for inclusion last time. Even if we don't always like the bullseye 100%, perhaps the above disclaimer should just be a bit more like CoF's famous *Playboy* Philosophy, part of which is: "If you know of a film that's got something to it, be sure to spread it around so that others catch it"—CTB.

"W" LISTING ADDITIONS

Dear Col:

Thanks much for your consistently excellent publication which I've ardently supported for years. I mean, let's face it—you're the only publication that's got the guts to skin S.F. article snakes can turn to for intelligent, highly informative reading. You're our lifeline to the outside world.

The thing I appreciate the most about CoF is the level-headed reviewer in whose your film reviewers do their job. It's never there was such a thing as constructive criticism, you don't mean them generosity at times (right at the *Linda Dano*), and upon occasion, you're generous (praising your anti-*Amicus* book). But whatever, you do it well and make *SP* a truly respectable form of film art.

Your reviewer list was tops as usual, but I noticed several omissions in your "W" listings, *NECROMANCY* (Clemencia, 1972), *Oliver*, *Welles* and *Romola* (Frankie in a strange tale of the occult that moves at a snail's pace).

Marks the return of Bert Dando to horror SF films. Best news of course, **NIGHT CALLER FROM OUTER SPACE** (Blutcher, 1963), John Taven and Peatrice

Hanks as a low-budget though diverting SF'er about a deformed space creature that comes to Earth for love and war.
THE NIGHT EVELYN CAME OUT OF THE GRAVE (Phane One, 1972). One of those before-of-the-burnt sex-a-seduction oracles. Totally worthless crap.

NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST (OJD, 1968). Ed Nelson struggles to save the world from deadly parasites and their big bird-like leader. Potentially intriguing premise ruined by show-stopping budget lack.

NIGHT OF THE LEPUS (NGM, 1978). Janet Leigh, Stuart Whitman and Rory Calhoun battle giant rabbits in this one. Horrific.

NO SURVIVORS, PLEASE (Gorman, 1963). The talents of Maria Montez are not evident in this very typical SF about alien beings knocking off humans and taking over their bodies. Lousy casting.
Dan Craft, 5115 Wilkes Hall, Newark, Illinois 62221.

—Unfortunately, several very interesting letters that we can only print about *Amicus* (and a number of other good ones) intended for our Letter column, did a sad disappearing act while we were in the throes of changing around our office during Year to "help" around on a really worth it at times. Apologies are in order to those letter writers that re-*Amicus* films... a few of those about us for what was construed as "harsh" criticism on our part against *Amicus* obviously haven't done good CoF homework. Like the little girl who had a little cat, *Amicus* has drifted from good to horrid, and CoF has always been quick to lambaste on them when it was left they deserved it. Several of our best we hoped lay it on *THE HOUSE THAT DRUMPED BLOOD*—the reviewer's praise even extended itself nearly heretically to the idea that *House* would move over and that *Amicus* was inheriting their mantle. And last issue I conducted reader Ron Peterson who designated *Amicus* ASYLUM most memorably, since I consider it to be one of the best horror films in recent years. So, here up on your CoF homepage, or else remember this: As *Laguna*'s voice in *Cherry's* monster body in *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN* said, "What good is this body if I have eyes that cannot see?" Or something to that effect.—CTB.

KING KONG BOOK

Dear CoF:

Movie *Nostradamus* (CoF #20, p. 26) states that a book on *KING KONG* was to be published Feb. 1973, by *Thriller* Inc., who are located in N.Y. When I called them for their information, they said they knew nothing of such a venture. On a perchein have the *Thriller* magazine (Vol. 1) if so, since I'm sure I know it. I am anxious for it to appear.
G. Gurn, 61 W. 37th St., New York, NY 10018.

—You're not the only anxious one. So are *Twelve* many of us. *Thriller* Inc. was truly slow to pay out a *KING KONG* book. The thing we heard was that plans were shelved because of copyright problems and other many technicalities. Another publisher, though, is thinking of doing it by cutting through a lot of the legal bulls—t.

We're quite concerned and inlured about this and similar problems involving film books. Until around two years ago, it was a relatively simple matter for most film book authors to get photo clippings (without stills, how much appeal does such a book have, right?). Suddenly, a couple of



sharp publishers tossed together a couple of film book "specials," built around several big names and surrounded by twelve-doubt publicity companies that, normally, only bestsellers like "The Word" and "Day of the Jackal" get. Movie studio legal flunkies woke up overnight, snapping that that's gold in them that hills, and decided to undo long-established procedure (especially more than 30 years of film book publishing) and thought how dandy it would be to demand a piece of the "action." Nothing could be worse nor more unjust, though, since the average film book is merely a labor-of-love (discovering many of the fly-by-nighters flooding the market, based mostly on unimportant material lifted from other sources). It's quite unusual for a film book to sell out 1965, much less go into a 2nd edition. Therefore, it's inconceivable them any action to share when an author invests a good chunk out of a year to get back \$3,000 or even \$3,500. Part is that publisher film book publishers it stupidly counterproductive to all film studios, their producers, directors, etc., etc., that thrive on publicity, if not upon the good will and memorability which even the shoddiest book can create. Bureaucratic legal flunkies never cease to amaze us. Anyway, there's more news indicating that movie legal departments may have relaxed their rules, and film book production will find freedom once more.—CTB.

RE: CENSORSHIP

Dear Col:

CoF #17 and 18 were truly superb, but I'm afraid nos. 15 and 20 are somewhat a series of film reviews, say the same I need

(Letters continued on page 54.)



NEW MARVELS, MAGIC AND MONSTERS AS MOVIELAND'S MIGHTY MAGICIAN, RAY HARRYHAUSEN, RETURNS TO THE SCREEN AFTER MORE THAN FOUR YEARS!



**Top photo: Ray Harryhausen working on his Homunculus.
John Phillip Law as Margana.
Carollee Munro as Margana.**

CAST & CREDITS

John Phillip Law (Margana), Carollee Munro (Margana), Tom Baker (Kerak), Douglas Willet (The Victor), Martin Shaw (Rachid), Karl Childan (Hafoun), Taki Emmerson (Aghmed), John D. Garfield (Abdul), Gressino Allen (Gardner), Aldo Bressani (Cesar), Ruffalo Sanchez (Madrone), Fernando Poggi (Cesar), Miguel Pedregosa (Solmi), Mario Delan (Abderr), Juan Rapan (Captain of the Guard).
Producer: Charles H. Schneer, Co-producer and director of Visual Effects: Ray Harryhausen, Director: Gordon Hecker. Based on a story by Brian Clemens and Ray Harryhausen. Music: Marco Bozzi, Mervyn Joseph Antonio Sanchez. Special effects artist: Vernet Bayard.

The Golden Voyage of Sinbad



Any Harryhausen film is a visual trip through wonders of magic, fantasy and storybook adventure. He's been delighting millions, young and old, for more than a generation, ever since he collaborated with KING KONG'S creator, Willis O'Brien, to work on that other Wonder of the World, the original, the inimitable MIGHTY JOE YOUNG back in 1948.

Renowned as a genius of special effects and animation, how then does the Harryhausen magic stack up this time in THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD? Well, get ready for the surprise of your life. Yes, incredible as it may sound, Harryhausen's talents come thru better, greater than ever!

Even those who aren't numbered among the teeming, mushrooming hordes of special effects buffs will appreciate the radical improvement of Harryhausen's animation for this film. "But, oh great mystic oracle, with the huge jewel that is as big as myself in the middle of thy forehead," pipes the shrill voice of the little Thief of Bagdad (while riding on his flying carpet, of course), "Is it at all possible? Can it be that he who shines the great Ray of magic upon the land can surpass earlier wondrous achievements?"

Whereupon the great Father of a bearded smiled paternally through his great white whiskers and clothed the young lad in raiment passed on from the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid unto his Seventh son



Top: Douglas Wilmer as the Grand Vizier. Center: the evil Kharakoths Bolboby. Tom Baker (as Koura the Sorcerer) created his Monomaculus. Opposite page: Sarbad's crow and friends cringe as the monstrous step highroad, the Sarra, is brought to life by the evil Kharak.



who, in turn, gave it to his Seventh son.

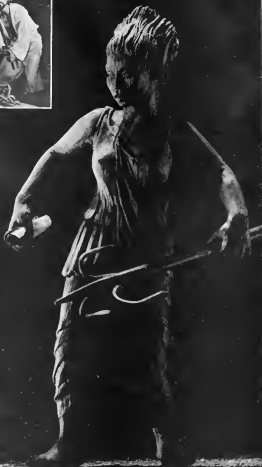
"The great oracle has decreed that wisdom shall be thine for ever more; for you have wisely chosen to be a Flan of the good magicians, Rhei Hori-Boo-zahn."

* * * *

In a word or two: Harryhausen's animation and special effects *look better* in *GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAO* thanks to most recent technical advancements (known only to Ray and his private geni in his collection of magic lamps). The new RH process is called *Dynamation*, successor to *Dynamation*. Consequently, RH's animation/pel is now look so much more natural that it's virtually impossible to see any *travelling matte* work.

Nearly four years in the planning and production stage (special effects alone required over a year's work), principal photography took place on the island of Mallorca, on the Spanish mainland and in the Verano Studios just outside Madrid. Academy Award-winning cinematographer Ted Moore, assigned to *GOLDEN VOYAGE*, shot some of the film's very interesting scenes in and around Mallorca's famous Caves of Artá; artifacts dating back thousands of years have been found in these fabulous caves, and producer Charles Schnitzer wondered what future archaeologists will think of 20th century civilization when they come across scores of rubber-tipped arrows left in the caves after one scene.

Other important locations used in the film include an 58 million walled area in which palaces, churches, houses, squares and streets were built in exact detail of those existing in other parts of Spain, and converted to resemble an Arabian town of the 14th century. Sand had to be spread all over the streets, providing some trouble—it was far easier lying down than jacking it up again.





Another important location was Torrance de Pareis, a pebble-island river estuary, set between towering cliffs and accessible via a tunnel cut through solid rock—it was originally discovered and used more than fifteen years ago for THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD, and was now an ideal site to shoot the sequence where Sinbad and his men (and later Koura [Caroline Munro]) land on Lemuria. Sinbad's ship itself (actually built to full scale) is a masterpiece of detail, thanks to production designer John Smith.



THE STORY

As his ship passes over the waters of a stormy sea, Sinbad and his men spy a strange creature flying overhead. Shooting his warning too late, Sinbad cannot deter one of his men from shooting down the creature with an arrow. Falling upon the deck, it is a most strange thing indeed, semi-reptilian, bat-like and humanoid. Around its tiny neck is an unusual amulet of gold. Paying no heed to one of his men, who calls it "a thing of evil," Sinbad takes it in his hand and refuses to cast it into the sea. For from hidden and only slightly veiled, the creature recovers quickly and flies away.

Perhaps the strange amulet is accursed. Strange images and dreams haunt Sinbad. Then, a terrifying, raging storm befalls his

beast ship, nearly destroying it. Battered but in one piece, the ship heads finally to shore. On landing and taking stock of his whereabouts, Sinbad meets with an eerie, black-clad man who introduces himself as Prince Koura who in attempting to possess Sinbad's amulet, tries killing him in a sword fight but is forced to flee from Sinbad when the tables are turned.

Soon after Sinbad is greeted by a golden-masked stranger, the Grand Vizier of Maribia who escorts the dynamic mariner to his great palace. Amazed on learning all of Sinbad's adventures, he reveals to the strange amulet and tells Sinbad, "The amulet reacts to you that Destiny has brought us together!" While he tells Sinbad about the terrible tragedies and afflictions created by the evil Prince Koura, they are being overheard by a homunculus, the

evil being transmits psychically all it hears back to its creator. Koura, meanwhile, the Vizier reveals another amulet, like Sinbad's—thus these they may yet unlock wonders beyond imagination, and powers that can bring good or, if under the evil Koura's control, unleash evil to the whole world. For it can fly, the word homunculus is caught, but even as Sinbad holds it, it shrivels into dust. They are then certain Koura knows—that it will be a race to the unknown reaches of Lemuria in order to head off the evil secret.

A new addition to his crew is Margana, a beautiful slave-girl, whom Sinbad promptly liberates once they are aboard. Far out at sea, Sinbad and the Vizier learn that Koura's own ship is not far behind, but knowing they can't outrun the ship, they plan on outwitting him



by leading Kouru's ship thru treacherous waters that could destroy or, at least, delay his craft.

But powerful and useful indeed is Kouru's magic, though its raising office has begun to age him noticeably. Evering every ounce of his physical and mental power, Kouru sends evil thoughts to Sinbad's ship directed to the ship's figurehead, a massive wooden urn. Startled by the sounds of splintering wood, the crew gapes in terror to see the great figurehead come to life and stride across them as a behemoth would among puppets. Miles away under Kouru's evil spell, the dreadful wooden urn takes her toll of lives, wiping up the deck with none standing in her twisted path. . . Until Sinbad and several of his men bring her to an unexpected end by impaling her with an an-

Above and opposite page: the fearful power of Caro, the idol goddess, is brought to play as the evil Kouru (Tom Baker) brings her to life to fight and destroy Sinbad and his friends.





Top: Sinbad at last joins his emotional friend (above) Margiana (Carolita Kato) whereas the savages with a mystical tattoo on her palm. Opposite page: The frightful and legendary Centaur makes his appearance.

ransome iron harpoon. The battle, though, has also taken its toll from Koura, who now looks gaunt and ten years older.

"I know you will die if you go on this way," says Achmed, Koura's aide.

"To summon the demons of darkness has a price," answers Koura. "And each time I call upon them, it consumes a part of me."

Koura knows though that once he reaches his goal, his youth will return.

Knowing his ship cannot overtake Sinbad, Koura expends his full powers again to create another *homunculus*. "Sinbad cannot hide from me now," says Koura as he sends his evil *nanan* flying aloft.

At last Sinbad and his friends arrive at Lemuria, a land so verdant and lovely to the eye that it seems unreal. Soon they see ahead their destination: the ruins of a colossal temple that seems as if it once housed forgotten gods. None are aware that Koura's evil *nanan*, the *homunculus*, watches in hiding.

"What is it, friend?" asks Sinbad of his golden-masked companion.

"It is the Temple of the Oracle — the Temple of All Knowledge," explained the Vintier.

Inside they find a strange hooded figure standing by a fathomless well, as if absorbed in prayer. The hooded one spouts out aloud strange riddles, telling them there is yet a third *nanan* that must be secured to complete the magic charm that will grant them the extraordinary powers they seek.

Meanwhile, through incantations and diabolical science of his own invention, Koura tries destroying the Temple's inmates to thwart his enemies. Undaunted, Sinbad and his comrades climb up a rope that an opening above;

but just before the desecrated *homunculus* tries its own brand of magic—only to be cut down by an arrow from one of Sinbad's men.

By separate routes Koura and Sinbad's company race on to their mutual destination.

Quite without warning, Koura and his aide are besieged on all sides and captured by wild green-skinned natives. They are shortly brought to a most spacious ancient temple ruled by the evil green men. And, yet, even more spectacular is their giant six-armed idol—a menacing goddess whom the natives call Cera.

His aide fears all is lost, but Koura assures him: companion he will soon turn the tide to his advantage. Unexpectedly, the ignorant savages watch as Koura splashes a strange potion upon the great idol's body. Shuddering, smoking mentally, the goddess Cera comes to life and goes into an exotic ritual dance. There are others now who watch—Sinbad and his group have just entered upon the scene.

Then, at Koura's command, the idol steps forth to combat Sinbad, all of its deadly six arms wielding sharp swords.

"To the death, Cera," says Koura. "Death to our enemy!"

Overwhelmed though the battle seems, and witnessing the death of some of his dear crewmen, Sinbad overwhelms the monstrous idol and sends her crashing to pieces. Koura's wife, however, has impressed the savages who, by his command, surround and overcome Sinbad and his group. They are then escorted a short distance, and Sinbad realizes to his horror that the beautiful Margiana has been selected to be sacrificed to some horrible creature whom the natives call a "god." Placing Margiana upon a crude lift, they lower her down into a huge, yawning pit. The terrified maiden soon

hears the sound of approaching hooves emanating from a dark cavern. And a horrible one-eyed Centaur appears!

Sinbad is suddenly inspired and asks the Vintier to remove his golden mask before the natives so that he may reveal his horrible countenance (remember those years before by Koura's evil). One look at his terrible skeletal features, and the wild men fall back in fear. Sinbad, taking advantage of this confusion, climbs into the pit to save Margiana, joined by his companions. . . but too late, as the Centaur reaches over and escapes throa

own holding Margana.

Following closely behind, Sirbad discovers Margana unharmed by the monster so that she might be saved for a later "climax." Quickly leading her away in the monster's absence, they go only a short distance and come upon a huge, splendid cavern filled with rich treasures and ornate surroundings. In the middle stands a spectacular fountain spewing forth a constant geyser of high.

"The Fountain of Destiny!" declares Sirbad, overcome by the sounds, colors and sights before him.

"Sirbad, look!" whispers Margana, pointing to a kneeling figure peering by the fountain. Turning slowly, the figure shows its agonized face. It is Koura, spent, tired, unrespected and ravaged by his evil passions, now in possession of the three magic amulets that will not only help him regain his youth but wield of power. Aye, power unheard of by mere mortal men. Furtively walking into the fountain's very heart, Koura soon walked out a young man again. But his destiny turns at once into bitter rage—Sirbad had meanwhile returned the amulets while the sorcerer was preoccupied with his restorative ablutions.

Wasting his wrath and heaping unappealable curses upon the heroic knight, Koura summons the horrific Centaur to deal with Sirbad. Margana's love and prayers for Sirbad, however, seem to be answered, for, as if from out of nowhere a feline being appears to challenge the Centaur—shaped like a lion, terrible talons like a tiger's, its large eagle-like face ready to lash a deadly hook upon its foe, it is none other but the legendary Griffin!

Sirbad and all others are forgotten as mighty Centaur and frightful Griffin fall upon each other in a battle to the death.

"It is in the Oracle foretold," says the Visitor in wonder. "The forces of Good and Evil, battling eternally."

But, alas! Albeit the fight between both monsters as long and bloody, the Centaur rises victorious, the Griffin defeated. Yet, all is not lost. During the monsters' battle, some of Sirbad's men have arrived and strive to defeat the Centaur. Heartbroken, Sirbad reaches helplessly as the terrible thing mauls and kills one of his best men. Rushing upon the monster, vengeance throbbing within him, Sirbad grabs the huge pegasus by its mane, plunging down his sword again and again, repeatedly, until... the blooded monster shivers, staggers and falls dead.

The fight hardly over, Koura has seized two of the magic amulets. Sirbad yells out to him, but not soon enough. "Invulnerability, Sirbad! You can never kill me now, so prepare to meet your much postponed doom!"

Koura returns into the fountain's heart to heighten his evil powers. Sirbad follows and, to his dismay, sees Koura slowly becoming invisible by degrees. If Koura was so dangerous in the past, his fluidity and well in future terrorize the entire world! Longing to see at his invisible foe, Sirbad grows desperate by the second—his sword can find no substance. And Koura's mocking laughter mingles throughout the great cavern in dimness, but never heard twice from the same spot.

Roaring, "Sirbad!" Margana gestures, and Sirbad looks directly to where she points. The sorcerer is hiding underneath the falling waters of the magical geyser and, though invisible, his body's outlines are fully evident as the water cascades around him. Sirbad strikes solidly with his sword... at the right spot. Sirbad and the dying Koura understand it all happened as it was predicted at the Temple of Knowledge.

The fountain's waters gush higher, more bravely, livelier crimsoned by Koura's blood. The waters fade to their pure, natural white shade. The fight against evil has been won.

Margana gazes out in joy. "Look, Sirbad, into the water behind you!"



In the clear, still waters he sees a woodrose reflection—as if he were a wealthy Sultan, dressed from head to foot in the richest finery and jewels, and the richest crown that any potentate could own resting upon his head.

The vision faded away, but the reality of precious jewels remained as Simbad reached into the waters to pick up not a diamond nor a vision but a gold crown. The Crown of Marzaba!

"Your Highness," Simbad says, addressing the Grand Vizier as he approaches.

"Highness?"

"Are you not the true and worthy successor to the throne of Marzaba? This Allah has bestowed this..." said Simbad, "from the Fountain of Destiny itself to sit upon your head?"

Placing the Crown of Marzaba upon the Vizier's head, Simbad watches a most extraordinary thing take place. Magically the Vizier's golden mask melts and vanishes, revealing the face of a handsome young man—a man born to rule with love and wisdom.

The waters of the Fountain of Destiny turned golden. It was as if, in that secret place, the heavens were making pure gold.

THE STARS

Usually, only famous or infamous celebrities can have a "deathmask" of themselves as Mrs. Tansand's famed Wax Museum in London. But Douglas Wilmer, who is neither, had it done. Appearing as the Grand Vizier, all his face is "burned" by end sewerer Kozan (Tom Baker). To cover the deformity, he was a golden mask, created from a plastercast by Colin Arthur who worked many months at Tansand's before becoming a studio makeup man.

After making the cast, Colin modified the Vizier's mask from an "old-fashioned" style with foam rubber, which fit like a glove.

Aside from majoring in architecture before turning actor (and responsible for many invaluable production suggestions in GOLDEN VOYAGE), Douglas Wilmer is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, followed by a long repertory career in the West End. He made his film debut in 1955 in *Richard III* and over a dozen other films, including *El Cid*, *Cleopatra*, *Croswell*, *Fatton*, not to mention much TV work.

John Philip Law, who stars as Simbad, was born in Hollywood, but didn't start acting until he joined University of Hawaii's dramatic society while studying engineering, then switching to psychology. After working in the Historical Community Theater, he returned to the States and enrolled in the famous Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. Back in California again, he studied under Sandy Messner, 20th Century-Fox's drama coach—20th then offered him a stock player's contract, but John chose instead a scholarship at the Neighborhood Playhouse, his first important role was in the Broadway play, "Come On Strong," winning him a contract with the Lincoln Center Repertory Company. While vacationing away from the Center in '63 in Italy, Franco Rossi gave him a role in *High Inflation*. Next year, again in Italy, John appeared opposite Catherine Spaak in *Three Nights in Love*. Back at the Center, he was spotted by Norman Jewison and given the juicy role of the Russian submarine in *The Russians Are Coming*. Since then it's been all uphill for John who has appeared in *Honey Sundown*, *Dialoik*, *Barbaric*, *The Sergeant*, *The Hawaiians*, *Of Course Comedy*, *Even a Dull Boy*, *Last Horse*, *Michael Stangel*, *Von Richthofen* and *Brown* and *The Love Machine*. Still a bachelor at thirty-five, John has a home in California, but spends most of his time active in European-based films. John is also a devoted health buff, believes in doing a series of exercises daily, and follows a strict healthful food regimen even while involved in location shooting.

Costar Tom Baker (who plays evil Prince



Kozan) was born in 1936 in Liverpool, but retains none of the accent that made the Beatles, his fellow Liverpudlians, distinct. He's very quiet about his long, hard struggles to become an actor, but in 1958 he got his first important break when Laurence Olivier invited him to join London's prestigious National Theatre Company where, in the next three years, he appeared in "The Merchant of Venice," "A Woman Killed With Kindness," "The Millionaire," "Don Juan" and others, opposite some of the greatest stars in the theatrical world. After his screen debut in 1971 as Rasputin in *Nicholas and Alexandra*, other fine roles started to follow, including Pasolini's *The Canterbury Tales* and, most recently, as the diabolical artist in *Walt of Homer* (see COF no. 28). One of the very important reasons that men turn the role of the evil Prince Kozan in GOLDEN VOYAGE is the same one that guided him the role of Rasputin: a most hypnotic-like "look" behind his electric-blue eyes. There is, therefore, much validity to the impression that CoF and other have of Tom Baker that he could easily emerge as another Regis Kaeliff.

John D. Garfield, son of the famous Warner Bros. star of the Far West, was born in Los Angeles but raised in New York. He attended London's Academy of Music and Dramatic Art after graduating Brandeis University, joined England's National Repertory Theatre, returned with them on tour in the States in '65, (film debuting next year in *The Warring States*, followed by *The Swingers*, *That Cold Day in the Park*, *Mackenna's Gold*, *The Streptomycin*, *Borders* a

heavy background in TV roles, John's a very accomplished flautist and a composer. In GOLDEN VOYAGE he appears as the colorful Abdal.

Takis Froustakis, who plays Kozan's uncle, Achmed, was born in Greece and there attended the National Conservatory of Music and Drama. His first film role (1960) in *The Rover*, next, with Irene Pappas, in *Electra*, followed, since by more than twenty films like *Zorba the Greek*, *Oedipus the King*, *The Magna, Ray Diety*, *Cannon For Cordoba*, and many TV appearances. Takis lives in Rome and writes plays and scripts while not acting.

Kurt Christian (Haron) has a background almost as exotic as any character in the film, having been born in Hong Kong of a Ceylonese mother, and inheriting the title Baron Von Rosenberg from his German father. His film debut was in *an-four* in *The Purple Plain*. Educated in England, France and Switzerland, he appeared in London and Broadway companies of "The Royal Heart of the Sun," and his films include *The Long Duet*, *The Last Valley*, *Devil's Impersonator*.

Martha Shaw (Rachel) was also introduced trained few acting in England, and after many outstanding TV roles. He landed his first big film part as Baroque in Roman Polanski's *Baroque*.

—The End—



Jonathan

THE FIRST ADULT VAMPIRE FILM



JONATHAN is perhaps the most intelligent and well-made vampire film made. Produced in Germany by young filmmaker Hans W. Geissendörfer (who scripted and directed) and photographed exquisitely by Robby Müller, the film is also politically minded. It develops a theme used also in Polanski's *THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS*.

The theme centers around a decadent aristocratic ruling class feeding on the life-blood of the people around them. There the similarity ends. Polanski's film was comedy; Geissendörfer's is not, though it has some humor. While Polanski's vampires were physically unattractive, those in JONATHAN are elegant and beautiful and go much further by exposing the villagers' decadence, e.g. a priest's assistant who is a pyromaniac.

And there are other keys to the political metaphor. The vampire-hunting doctor (a Van Helsing type) informs a group of students meeting in secrecy that "the power of these

blood-suckers increases every day." Jonathan, one of the students, is sent ahead to infiltrate the vampire headquarters and make way for a massive attack. The vampire leader (who sports a Hitlerian hair style) bids Jonathan welcome and that he may go anywhere in his house but that he must never enter the locked doors, "for there will always be locked doors."

The politics are never obtrusive, though, and do not mar the fantasy, such as the weird hobby of a strange, half-wit barnyard.

His only joy in his collection of carcasses taken from past would-be vampire killers. Then there's the camerawork/photography: it's incredible. The camera glides, floats thru scenes, lingering delicately here and there. The mood is by Roland Koebe is superb, fitting the mood right from the beginning.

Much of it is based on DRACULA, though very loosely. JONATHAN refers to Jonathan Barker, and two scenes in the film are found in the original story by Stoker: one, where the three vampire women try to drink Jonathan's blood; the other, where the peasant woman screams up at the castle, "Moonjester! Gave me back my child!" But that's about it. Never mind is whether the vampire leader is Dracula, for the only name we know in the whole film is Jonathan's (perhaps mentioned so that allusions to DRACULA would not overpower the director's message). The vampire is head of a whole coven of the undead, recalling Hammer's *KISS OF EVIL*.

There is also much blood—not just in the dungeons filled with victims, who are later shown being fed upon by the eager vampires, or in the "sway" that defends and protects the vampire kingdom, but also on the part of





the villagers who, in their own way, are as brutal as the vampires and the army that slaughters them. (As Jonathan tries passing thru the town to reach the vampires, its natives attempt to stone him, and when the villagers begin journeying to the vampire castle they run over their leader.)

The film is elegant in its execution. The first vampire attack is orchestrated to a lush melody by Edward Greg. In this scene, the vampire is revealed as a sort of saintly anti-Christ. Bearing the look of saintly martyrdom, he offers a papery wound on his side to the lips of his victim. The power of this scene is never quite matched again as the effect becomes diluted by an abundance of other vampires doing the same thing with their victims (though these scenes too have a very disturbing effect). Perhaps, though, it is true, as one critic noted, that nothing ever quite succeeds so well as the first vampire attack in any film in this genre.

Blasé of homosexuality also takes form in the torturing of Jonathan after he's discovered entering the "locked" door when the victims are kept. As in *X*, in *THE DAMNED* and similar films, it seems a device equating homosexuality with fascism, as it seems to illustrate the decadence of the vampire kingdom.

The power of "good," of course, wins out—no matter how misrepresented by the villagers—but not until after a brutal fight and an amazing dream-like sequence where the vampires are driven into the sea, there to die, leaving only their capes floating in the water during the dawn.

But—his good really won out? To Gelag's name, Jonathan walks toward the girl (who was sort of the knight's housekeeper) and takes her hand. She abruptly turns, pulls a knife and cuts Jonathan on the wrist. He falls to his knees as she flees and as the music switches from Greg to Kovacs' score.

One major criticism of the film, that appeared elsewhere, stated that its political metaphor is weakly based as is its symbolism under closer scrutiny, that its elements of fantasy dilute its deeper meanings. Similar criticisms were leveled against *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, said to have been weakened by such scenes as the one showing Alex copulating with two girls (in speeded up Keystone comedy fashion) to the tune of the "William Tell Overture." This seems a peculiarly American and, perhaps, provincial trait; we like our films straight, either real or fantasy, but never the twain shall meet. We are uncomfortable with films that straddle both elements, that wander and journey between two worlds creating a third one. It seems part of our cultural lag and anti-intellectualism (at least, as far as most of the establishment critics stand) that an "intellectually prose" film must be boring, heavy-handed, colorless, tedious, talky and made by Ingmar Bergman (who was once a better director).

Little is allowed for experimentation or a middle-ground. The abysmal retardation of many "new" critics has had an evil influence on studios. Though the situation has improved slightly (and people support any films they like regardless of what the press says), critical provocation, if not horrendous ignorance, still prevails.

— Robert Schaffner —



FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY

CAST:

Leonard Whiting:

James Mason:

Michael Sarrazin:

David McCallum:

Jane Seymour:

Nicola Pagetti:

Agnes Moorehead:

With: Michael Wilding, Ralph

Richardson, John Gielgud, Margaret

Leighton in supporting "guest" roles.

Frankenstein

Foladori

The Creature

Cervel

Prima

Elizabeth

Mrs. Blair



Time and again, TV has proved an extraordinary ability of accepting challenges and scaling great heights, though surrounded by a sea of unspeakable commercialism and excruciating banality. Some made-for-TV films are in good as many theatrical releases—indeed, a few (especially in our genre) have been quite excellent. Dan Curtis' ABC-TV premiere of *FRANKENSTEIN*, earlier last year, elicited much excitement and marked another important turning point: News of CBS' production of *DRACULA* created a major stir among aficionados, and all news media, confirming more than ever acceptance

of SFantasy as a major entertainment staple in the Seventies.

But so far, nothing has aroused so much sensation as NBC's monumental two-part production of *FRANKENSTEIN*. Not only is this homage to the most important name and theme in imaginative literature but total admission that SFantasy is one of the very few most important genres, not just a cyclical "trend." The face of entertainment history is now radically altered—it will never be quite the same.

For this special CoF feature, we present an in-depth synopsis followed by several differing opinions by our staff.—CTB.



FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY (Part I)

When his younger brother dies from drowning accidentally, Dr. Victor Frankenstein swears he'll gladly give his soul to the Devil to conquer death. At the hospital, he meets eccentric, affing Clerval, who hints to Frankenstein that he is experimenting in reanimation.

The next time they meet, Clerval's inspiration and presence fires Victor's very being with ambition.

"I shall create more than a man... the first of a new race," says Clerval. "Will you join the brotherhood of Prometheus? Will you defy the gods?"

Victor answers, "I will defy them!" And thus begins a strange partnership that will dare to challenge the unknown.

When Victor's fiancée, Elizabeth, unexpectedly visits them, Clerval doesn't hesitate in voicing his aversion. At first Victor is sensitive, then gives her a preview of their experiments: a dead butterfly has been revived. Clerval is now infuriated that Victor should dare to permit "an ignorant, simply-minded young woman" into their lives. As they argue in an adjacent room, Elizabeth, consumed by prejudices and loathing, kills the butterfly with a heavy Bible.

Some days pass—a major accident kills many workers. As professional medical men, Victor and Clerval have full access to the morgue... and fresh bodies for needed parts. Soon the entire lab apparatus is ready for the crucial step. Involved is the ultimate in harnessing energy: solar power from the sun!

However, the creature they are to bring to life has "Levi's brain... the brain of a peasant, unworthy of such a body," says Clerval. "How I would give a year of my life for the right brain!" He has not long to wait.

Alone much later, Clerval notices an arm he had previously revived, is a preliminary test, a retrogression. He writes fervently in his notebook: "The process is...," but suffers a seizure. Unable to reach his special medicine, Clerval dies.

The next morning Victor makes a decision, after recovering from shock over Clerval's death, unaware of the major flaw in their experimentation, he places his colleague's brain into the creature's head. During the elaborate session in the lab required to bring life into the creature, overwheeled circuits set off an explosion, knocking Victor unconscious. But the experiment, so far, is a success. Arising, the creature stalks over to Victor and gently touches him. Taking off the head bandages, Victor is pleasantly startled to unveil a most handsome creature.

Victor's puzzlement over the creature's shidenness (even with Clerval's brain) passes quickly by his determination to start educating him almost at once. Pleased that his creature's presence is accepted by high society at an opera one evening, Victor envisions a happy future. But tragedy is about to show, though at first it's unrecognizable, the creature's fine body starts to degenerate.

Clerval's old acquaintance, Dr. Polidori, was aware of a crucial drawback in the experiment, while seeking around Victor's apartment in his absence, Polidori brusquely shows he contempt. "The fossil! Still playing with electricity..."

Aware of the creature's deterioration, Victor now realizes that the unfinished "I—" in Clerval's note book meant "retrogression," not that the experiment was now "ready." Victor confirms the exactest pressure and removes all the merrors so that it may not know of its growing ugliness. Victor goes out with the night to relieve his depression, but not before locking his apartment. Ever curious landlady Agnes Moorehead uses a spare key to



look inside, she faints when exposed by the harmless but now quite ugly creature. Seeing the creature hovering above her on awakening, she suffers a fatal stroke just as Victor is about to enter. Before dying, she utters "Frigate..." referring to the only spirit seen by the creature and word he had repeated over before she died.

Finding it was to move, Victor leaves with the creature for the security offered by the old lab shared with him by Clerval in the country. Arriving, exhausted by failure and disillusioned, Victor falls into deep sleep. Seeing finally something's wrong, especially when his body feels strange to his touch, the creature searches about futility for a mirror, then finds a broken piece. Victor is aroused by the crea-

ture's cries of anguish. The creature then tries suicide, but his unique constitution keeps him invulnerable. Failing to kill himself, he goes outside, heading toward the sea, pursued by Victor. And on reaching the sea's edge, dashes himself over, falling into the water below. Victor leaves, thinking the creature has met its end. As the sea takes, so does it grab up its possessions at times, and the creature is soon washed ashore by current and tide, reviving immediately.

END
OF
PART
ONE



FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY (Part II)

While riding through the country, the creature meets a friendly, old blind hermit (Ralph Richardson) who accepts him, and shortly, he provides him with the comforts of his humble cottage. The hermit's traditional violin playing is interrupted with the sounds of his approaching granddaughter, Agatha, and her fiancé. Hiding at once, the creature returns at night, he is profoundly impressed. (Watching from a window by the severity and warmth of family unity and when Agatha reads from the Bible. Sleeping overnight in the barn, he ventures into the house while Agatha and her young

men are out for a walk, but the couple is somehow aware of a "stranger" visiting. A scuffle develops between creature and fiancée, ending in the latter's accidental death. Blinded by fear and grief, Agatha rushes out and is overrun by a passing coach.

The creature carries her body to Victor's lab, but discovers Dr. Polidori, attended by Oriental servants, as the new tenant. Polidori's exotic tastes and sophistication are now even more obvious—including also an ingrained capacity for being vicious. His malicious talent evokes forth also some of the old Cervantes memory from the creature.

A little later, during a wedding reception following his marriage to Elizabeth, Victor is paid a surprise visit by Polidori who proposes an un-

usual partnership. Victor's understandable hesitancy is overcome under coercion when Polidori insists the creature is alive and well and in the evening coach, ready to be abandoned on Victor's doorstep before all his guests, unless they reach an agreement.

"The day after you left, I moved in," Polidori tells Victor in a little while, showing him about the old lab. Victor is stunned when Agatha's severed head in a bottle—the start of a new Eve for the creature.

"With a scalpel in your hand, you're a different person. And to think this morning you were cutting a wedding cake," Polidori remarks as Victor works upon the creature's future mate. At last she is finished, and beautiful to behold, and, she will be even more of a success, for Polidori knows more. Polidori chooses her "Prima"—the first of her species—she start of a new race.

Four months later Victor and his bride return from their honeymoon, but in their absence Polidori has done quite a lot of work with their friends and family, usually by securing a permanent houseguest with Prima as his "ward." Victor is infuriated by Polidori's excessive liberties, but is mollified by the older man's presence and owed by his grandiose plans.

Prima has her own "peculiarities" and, during dinner, pretends to faint only to lead Victor on into the bedroom and sterner seduction. Among her other quirks is a weird attitude for removing anything. A strange creature she is indeed. Always wearing an odd neckband, she refuses to remove it the next day while being fitted for a dress by Elizabeth and her attendants. At night while Prima's asleep, Elizabeth enters the bedroom and is horrified to see a large surgical scar encircling Prima's neck.

Veering on hysteria, Elizabeth orders Victor to take action, and he orders Polidori off his premises. Polidori surprises him by agreeing to leave on the morrow, and "To prove my good faith," he reveals to Victor a new "experiment": an acid bath has been arranged at the lab to eliminate the creature, who all agree has turned into a "problem."

"Now, you're to take a beauty bath," says Polidori to the naive creature, whom he hypnotizes for destruction. Victor has a change of heart and awakens the creature who at once goes wild. Attempting to flee, Victor and Polidori are the place after leaving the creature trapped behind.

Fearing a sense of release, Victor and Polidori soon attend Prima's social debut, a magnificent ball swarming with the cream of society. It is part of Polidori's plan that Prima must connect with some eligible aristocrat which will benefit him financially for his future schemes.

To everyone's shock, the creature, now terribly disfigured by burns, breaks up the ball and flees. "AGATHA!" Jostling, pushing all that stand in his way, the creature snaps off Prima's neckband. Then he begins to twist her neck, and with all his phenomenal power he pulls her head off her body as if she were a toy doll.

Bellum... chaos. In frantic, blind panic, falling over each other, the guests rush for the exit, many trampled underfoot. The monster is satisfied. Falling unconscious to the floor like a limp rag, the horror is momentarily removed from Polidori's mind. Nearly petrified himself, Victor asks "Why?" of the monster, and his meaningful reply is

"Victor... beautiful!"

The next day, the local Chief Constable tells Victor that Polidori is under restraint as a confirmed lunatic, but is even more awed when Victor relates details of the monster's creation. Elizabeth awaits in a sequestered room, but he is under tremendous strain and Polidori's evil influence has made his imagination run wild.

Victor and Elizabeth mutually agree a quick exit to America is necessary under the circumstances, which will also dispel part of the night-



Above: David McCallum and Leonard Whiting. Right: Dr. Frankenstein (Whiting) prepares for brain surgery. Opposite page: The great lab of Dr. Frankenstein. The creature (Michael Sarrazin) in handgrips, and unveiled.

ment, Blackwelder the ship's captain after a suspicious leave from prison, Polidori meets his presence known aboard ship once they are all at sea.

He tells Victor that once they reach port, "We shouldn't waste much time at New York, but proceed to Philadelphia where I understand they have engaged in some interesting chemical research." Polidori's forward efforts Victor who orders him out of his cabin. Typically cool and unfettered, Polidori dies.

What promised to have been an interesting, if not pleasant, journey is, alas, ruined: the monster has found its way aboard ship and hides in Polidori's stateroom. Elizabeth has seen the creature, and looks the door, trusting once Polidori returns a final encounter will result. But Victor arrives in time, and both he and Polidori now plan to close the creature above and shove him into the sea.

A terrible storm rages, tossing the ship about treacherous waves. Amidst torrential rain, the seas roar louder by thunder and lightning, it is as if the elements themselves are in some evil conspiracy. Something unspeakable in the monster's mind when he sees Polidori cowering in terror from the lightning. Guiding him, the monster lies up the helpless man and hauls him aloft to the uppermost rigging. Victor climbs up the mast in a futile effort to save the man, pleading with the monster, but slips and falls to the deck. Screaming in terror, Polidori's agony ends as lightning strikes squarely, incinerating him into a dangling skeleton.

The entire crew, having perished and abandoned ship in a longboat, this monster tenderly picks up the unconscious Victor and takes him to the cabin. Now in complete command of the ship, the monster sets a course for the Arctic.

Elizabeth questions the monster as to why he has abandoned them. In one of his rare moments of eloquence, the monster answers by denouncing her for her narrow, angry piety and arrogance. . . and proceeds straggling her to death.



When he recovers consciousness days later, Victor goes on deck and finds Elizabeth's frozen corpse. The ship stands motionless, surrounded in a white wasteland of eternal cold surrounded by vast icebergs and unending floes. But, wonder, the monster seems to beckon tentatively, standing in front of an icy cave beneath a towering glacier.

Victor climbs down from the ship, struggling, slipping and heading towards his creature, as if aware of a final appointment they must keep—and their true redemption. He, as the creator, the custodian who had failed in his responsibility by abandoning the poor thing because it was no longer pleasing to behold; and the creature now gratified that both can be joined as if one.

By screaming aloud the folly and tragedy of their circumstances, Victor's re-echoing shouts set off a chain reaction in the ice and start an avalanche.

The monster's words reverberate, "Bravo! Bravo!" in an ironic poem, as both wretched souls are interred in their frigid sleep.

— Calvin T. Beck —

The latest screen distortion is merely a comparison of horror movie clichés. There is heavy-handed religious symbolism, similar to that found in the old Universal series: when, for example, Frankenstein vivifies a dead butterfly, his fiendish squashes it with a Bible. The "creature" is handsome and civilized, like the once Peter Cushing sometimes constructs in his Hammer films. There is also human sympathization, courtesy of both audience personality. We look in vain for terror here. At the film's start, however, there is a disturbing moment when Elizabeth sees Victor's brother drawing and reacts with a more startled flutter of his pretty eyelashes, replying that the film has something ambiguous to say about the Romantic feminine ideal. In fact, Elizabeth does plot a murder, outwits the police, and yet she only succeeds in becoming a frozen woman. No one of Haeber's wives. There is not a trace of women's liberationist sentiment, though such references would not only be timely but in keeping with the philosophy of the book's author and her famous mother, Mary Shelley.

Some of the ludicrous (hardly excusable) errors are not without wit. For example, Frankenstein's real (James Mason) is named Dr. Polidori, which conveniently was also the name of Mary Shelley's story-telling rival at the famous Fanny's yearning contest where the idea of her novel was hatched.

Director Jack Sargent has at his disposal a serene Regency setting and more money than Walt or Terence Fisher ever saw at one time, too bad his style borders on the neo-classical during the film's first half—his direction does not come into focus until the creation of Prometheus, the monster's intended mate. The scene in which she is brought to life recalls the genesis of the false Maria in Ling's METROPOLIS. Prometheus is no ordinary kind of Frankenstein, she owes far more to Olympus, the clockwork coquette in Offenbach's TALLEIS DE BOFFMAN. Having been told to create Elizabeth in all things, she proceeds duplicating the human girl's piano performance of a Schumann sonata, mistake for mistake. When Prometheus's debut is made at a pile-consumption party, the monster arrives to break up the festivities, ennobled by her obvious aversion to him, he parades off her head from its torso. There's a sense of cathartic relief in this gruesome culmination. We know the poor monster's sexual ambitions were doomed from the start, but at least she makes her exit in a big way. Her male counterpart has proved repulsive because his body has begun to degenerate. As in the book, he becomes embittered because mankind, ignoring his soul, rejects him on the basis of his cadaverous looks.

The film is true to this major theme, and also to a few smaller matters: the monster throttles Victor's wife, though not on her wedding night. The grand finale is in and around the Arctic wastes. The pastoral interlude with the blind man and his family has been included. Yet somewhere and somehow the film misses the point. Perhaps this is because the strongest human relationship is essentially homosexual: the bond between creature and creator. All the female images on hand are either devices (Elizabeth, Prometheus) or proteges (Agnes Moonshine in the landfill). Margaret Leighton who registers strongly as a high society lady.

A talented cast is of some help, at least. Simon, though not at all frightening, is more pathetically lovable than was Karloff, his appearance, about attractive, is also faithful to the original device (Elizabeth, Prometheus). Frankenstein is considerably colder in his demeanor, if not exactly icy. As the heavy, James Mason shows a fine feeling for the outrageous, he brings a dry and cynically needed quality to already macabre lines such as, "It's a wise monster that knows its own father."

The script provides him with all the standard accoutrements of villainy, including a pair of artificial hands and a couple of Oriental servants. His death scene, unfortunately, has been woefully, chaotically misinterpreted by Shelley: the loquacious Polidori is struck by lightning twice while tangled in the rigging of a storm-tossed schooner.

And so it comes time to face facts: FRANKENSTEIN, the novel, will never be transcribed to the screen with any accuracy or fidelity unless, by some unlikelyhood, Masterpiece Theatre should decide to tackle this imposing task.

— Paul Rosen —

FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY is a very fine film and didn't require false advertising to be successful. "Forget Kurosaki," they proudly beamed. "See the story as it was originally written, never done before."

But as a literal adaptation of Shelley's original novel, it doesn't even come close.

Parts one and two are really separate films, and one can actually imagine seeing them as separate late shows in the near future. The second part is far superior, having an entirely different tone, it's lively and entertaining, almost an adventure story, whereas the first part is slow, brooding and thoughtful. Director Slight once screwed up the works of another fine author (Ray Bradbury's *ILLUSTRATED MAN*) and seems more at home with detective thrillers like *HARPER*, but his technique in this film, though pedestrian, is far better than expected.

The acting is, for the most part, superb. David MacCallum shines. And James Mason is a standout as Polidori, a marvelously mean character not in the book. Any Shelley scholar would be amazed at the clever in-joke, for he was, of course, Dr. John Polidori, called "Polly dolly" by Byron and one of the famed poet's homosexual "acquaintances"—the same Polidori who wrote "The Vampire" that inspired *Dracula* in Switzerland that also produced

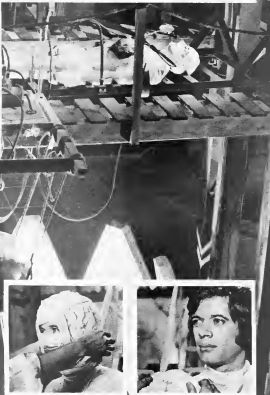
FRANKENSTEIN. Mason is one of the screen's masters of creating the kind of villain we all love to hate, and his death scene in the lightning storm is a fantastic piece of Grand Guignol.

Yet the most delicately evil character in the film is Jane Seymour as Protea. Had Hammer used her in *FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN*, the film would have been more artistically successful. Miss Seymour can do more with a certain look than most actresses with mountains of dialogue, and here is perhaps the most sinister and perverted female characterization I have ever seen.

Michael Sarrazin is surprisingly good as the creature, and not unlike Michael Gwynn in *REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, who begins as a handsome youth and degenerating into a loathsome, murderous monster. Leonard Whiting's Frankenstein is a great departure

from others; instead of being abused horribly by thoughts of experimentation, he has to be persuaded by Clerval and escape a great deal by Polidori. Surprisingly, though, Whiting is one of the weaker actors in the cast, a big letdown after his spirited performance in Zeffirelli's *ROMEO AND JULIET*.

Much more was expected from eminent writers like Isherwood and Bachardy. While characterizations are rather well drawn and the dialogue good, even though not memorable, events and a series of time become jumbled in place, and there are unexplained happenings (such as how the creature escaped from the burning lab) and poor continuity (when Frankenstein returns from his honeymoon, he has grown a beard, but in the next scene it's mysteriously absent from his face). Fine acting, production values and excellent music by Gil Melle, however, gloss over these weak spots.



Small cameo by Ralph Richardson (as the inevitable blind hermit) and Tom Baker (from *NICHOLAS & ALEXANDRA*, *VAULT OF HORROR* and the new *GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*) add greatly to the film's overall impact. Special effects (a disturbingly realistic crawling arm, etc.) are excellent, and the lab's set is magnificently superb.

— Bruce Hiltnerbeck, Jr. —

No, friends, it wasn't quite exactly "The True Story." Filmmakers can get away by offering spurious versions of "great" events and plays by taking advantage of the Great Unwashed's illiteracy and stupidity. Those of you able to overcome years of comic book education and native inertia may find the original Mary W. Shelley novel a revelation. It never has been really made into a film, you know, or didn't you? (Your local library can easily remedy this and similar cultural handicaps.)

The trouble with the Inherwood-Bachardy script collaboration is that I have a feeling of both men being drunk while writing it most of the time. It reeks from the intellectually sublime to the inconsistently idiotic. Truly a remarkable case of systematic incoherence proven by the silliness and choppy episodic quality of the entire production.

The other major defect was casting. Leonard Whiting as young Victor Frankenstein put in as much feeling as an animated potato. David McCallum, better suited for the lead, was shamefully wasted. And poor James Mason has aged so much that I was mere evenscore by feeling sorry for him, thus paying attention to his acting, though he seemed to have all the best lines. The surprising thing is that big companies still continue using bachelors such as Jack Slaughter, who direct more errors than hits (do you still recall what he did to *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN*?). Slaughter's name is synonymous in radi!

With all its horrendous flaws, I cannot recall when TV has ever produced any thing as elegant or expensive looking, and I concur with CTC that all evil forces against imagination have begun to capitulate.

— Belinda MacEvoy —

Scripters Inherwood and Bachardy may prove they're not Bernard Shaw, and Jack Slaughter's direction isn't exactly Orson Wellesian. But so what? TV is going to give theaters and Hammer and Amicus and all the other SF/fantasy companies much to worry over from now on. *FRANKENSTEIN* was one of the damnedest best things in my 25 years of TV watching, and never mind all the huzzabuzzing indulged by my learned colleagues! I've got to confess it would be great to have seen it on a large theatre screen—the tube's geometric limitations are especially painfully obvious with larger, bigger-than-life productions.

I also understand that technical advancements could make it possible to have huge wall-size TV images with 500% greater clarity and capable of being adjusted for "Scope" flicks, but that they're kept "under cover," which makes me mad.

Mad, because NBC's beautiful production of *FRANKENSTEIN* and other great moments are limited by commercial control. But I've digressed. It'll be shown on NBC soon. Also, a theatrical release is getting readied (most likely for European markets). Anyway you look at it, it's a classic!

— Richard Barlow —



CoF's SLAYMATE-OF-THE-MONTH

Lovely Caroline Munro, who plays Mergana in *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, is certainly no stranger to the fantasy film brigade. After leading roles in *DR. PHIBES* and *DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN*, Hammer films signed her to a contract which gave way to her appearance in *DRACULA A.D. '72* and the forthcoming *KRONOS*. Caroline is the daughter of the late Janet Munro, a fine actress whom fans will remember from *THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE*.

In her short career, the shapely British beauty has been menaced with a snake, bitten by a vampire, and, in *GOLDEN VOYAGE*, has problems with two legendary creatures: a centaur and a griffin (no, not Merv—he's another kind of problem).



VAMPIRA

About VAMPIRA And DAVID NIVEN, The New COUNT DRACULA

In 1972 writer Jeremy Lloyd and producer Jack Warner dreamed up a three-page synopsis, and then Lloyd wrote the screenplay, titled *VAMPIRA*. Finally, David Niven read the script, and accepted at once. "I couldn't resist it," said Niven. So, now he plays Count Dracula in *VAMPIRA*.

A mixture of high-camp and horror, it tells of the off-beat adventures of Dracula (in present-day London and Transylvania) when he gets heavily involved with a string of beautiful girls... as well as with certain droll characters.

In old and modern settings, ranging from heavily Gothic to mod London, Count Niven's adventures cover wide territory. In one sequence he encounters visitors from Playboy magazine, including a bevy of beautiful girls. With thunder rolls and lightning flashes, the mighty nose of the organ and a few bats flying, this whole scene takes on an awesome and macabre grandeur.

And that was just one of many interior and exterior scenes, shot around London. Others include: Highgate, Black Park, outside Buckingham Palace, The Mall, Soho, St. James, Carlton Tower Hotel, Euston, Heathrow Airport. Another interesting location was the underground car park at Ebbw Vale Studios where, surrounded by cars, Niven-Dracula gallantly

rescues a pretty girl from a young thief.

Niven was delighted over the part, but insisted: "It isn't really the real Dracula, or I'd be leaving it all to Uncle Vincent (Price) or to Chris Lee." He found his father-made large quite ideal, tense them in the film to give "gentle love bites to people and some of the many attractive girls in the cast... It all goes to make for pleasant working conditions," he said.

An unbelievable 64 years young, David Niven looks like his own son and attributes his well-being to good health ("For which I thank God," he says) and a happy, contented life. "I've been very lucky," he says.

One of the best-loved actors in the field, he is especially elated by the great success of his best-selling autobiography, "The Moon's A Balloon" which, he says, "has given me a bigger kick than any of my 37 films to date." Now he's waiting another, which will be his third—it's not too well known that he published a novel in the late Fifties titled "Round The Ragged Rocks."

For nearly forty years (two generations!) David's remained among film-craft's most durable actors. He was born in Kilmarnock, Scotland, March 1, 1909, educated at Stowe, and trained for an Army career at Sandhurst. After commissioning into the Highland Light Infantry and serving in Malta for two years, he re-



signed, visited Canada, then moved to New York to work as a writer and liquor salesman. He eventually broke into movies in Hollywood as an extra, making his speaking debut in *Bardelys Guest* and *Without Mercy* in 1935. Among his other early films were *A Feather in Her Hat*, *Splasher*, *Rose Marie*, *Palm Springs* and *Blonde's Eighty Wife*. He played *Destiny* in *Thank You, Aileen*, and his roles grew increasingly larger in *Doublecross*, *School Scum*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and by the end of the Thirties he had appeared in over 24 films, including *Down Patrol*, *Bachelor Mother*, *Whispering Nights*.



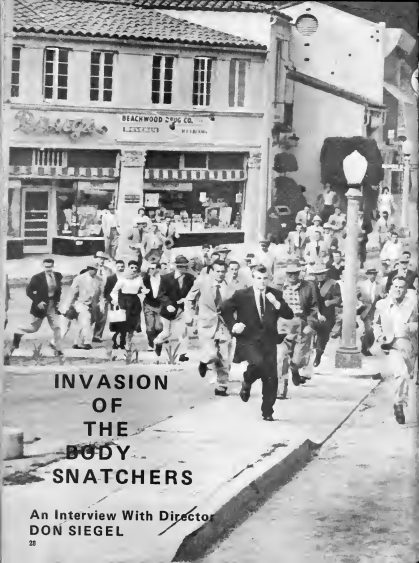
As soon as World War II broke, David returned to England, rejoining the Army, rising to the rank of Colonel, and taking time off to star in two British films, *The First of the Few* and *The Boy at the Door*.

On his Army discharge, David went on to play the lead in the excellent fantasy, *Stairway to Heaven*. His many film roles then include *The Bishop's Wife* (appearing as a bishop opposite "angel" Cary Grant), *The Moon in Blue*, *Across the World in 80 Days*, *My Man Godfrey*, *Separate Tables* (for which he won the Best Actor Academy Award), *The Goats of Nowhere*, *The Best of Enemies*, *The Pink Panther*, *Lady L*, *Casino Royale*, and his most recent films. Before *Wives Come*, *The Brave* and *King Queen Knave*. — CTR.



Lowely Teresa Greeno (who plays the sensuous Countess Chastel in *VAMPIRE*) was born on January 10, 1948, in Houston, Texas, and raised in Los Angeles. She went to Washington High School and graduated from the University of Southern California. Still in high school, she joined the *Castlelawn* Pipers in which she sang, danced and did comedy for 2½ years,

appearing in Las Vegas, Washington, Puerto Rico and elsewhere. She joined TV's "Laugh-In" for two years, winning wide acclaim, then, on to Vietnam with Bob Hope, and with Buddy Hackett in Las Vegas, debuting with her singing act. Her previous films were *That Man But* and *Stress*, co-starring in both with Fred Williamson.



INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

An Interview With Director
DON SIEGEL



It seems hard to imagine that only seven-
teen years have passed since *THE ASSAULT*
OF THE BODY SNATCHERS first
appeared upon the screen in 1956. For
those of us who look back nostalgically,
the film marked a high water level of
fantasy filmmaking in the Fifties; per-
haps it's also a little more than just
nostalgic sentiment, though. As with any
era, the Fifties had a mood all of their
own, but unlike the two preceding dec-
ades which were hung up by almost total
censorship controls and stereotype story
lines, American filmmaking began to bloom
into other areas as it never quite
before. Underlining this "new wave"
was the sense of realism—or "natural-
ism"—that directors were making more
use of in their productions. Cinematog-
raphy suddenly seemed to be more alive, freed
from many of the conventional rules or
traditions of the past. Thanks mostly to
television, of course, Hollywood was be-
ginning to change. Some directors were
now given more freedom. And a lot
more quality work was now evident in

B budget filmmaking as exemplified by the works of younger directors like Sam Fuller (*THE BARON OF ARIZONA*), Jack Arnold (*IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*, *THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN*, etc.) and Don Siegel who is the subject of this feature.

Apart from being one of the most important directors of our time (*MADIGAN*, *COGGAN'S BLUFF*, *DIRTY HARRY*, etc.), Don Siegel's *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* has not only stood the test of time but as one of the most important of all *Sci-Fi* films ever made. Indeed, it is with very good reason why it has been acclaimed now for many years as a "classic," which it is in every sense of the word.

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

Credits and Synopsis

Dr. Miles Bennell: Kevin McCarthy
Becky Driscoll: Dana Wynter
Dr. Daniel Kaufman: Larry Gates
Jack Belloc: King Donovan
Theodore Belloc: Carolyn Jones
Sally Wilhem: Joan Wilton
Prod.: Walter Wanger—Dir. Don Siegel
Music: Carmen Dragon—Screenplay: Daniel Manning—Story by: Milt Ross.

When Dr. Miles Bennell returns to the little California town of Santa Mira after a short business trip, his name, Sally Wilhem, informs him of a strange hysteria that apparently is spreading among the populace. Miles and his fiancée, Becky Driscoll, with their friends Dr. Daniel Kaufman, Jack and Theodore Belloc, slowly realize something of what is happening.

At first a few of the townspeople—and then more and more—lose their emotional and spiritual identities, and appear as strangers to their relatives and friends, while retaining their outward appearance. A demonstration, a passion ready to survive, is the only impulse that remains. Miles, Becky, Dr. Dan, Jack and Theodore soon find the unexplained and apparently inexplicable cause: a weird form of plant life has descended on Santa Mira and is spreading all over. When great watermelon-like pods open and open, from each of them emerges a "blank" in human form—a blank that, for example, becomes a second Jack Belloc and, during the real Jack's sleep, drains from him all of his normal identity and emotions. As one after another become "replaced" by a Pod-like identity, they form a united herd who conspire to change others into their image to form a new automation type society. The trick is that a Pod must be placed somewhere near someone's living quarters—once it begins to form his physical characteristics and even if the person isn't near his home, the "conversion" becomes final after one falls asleep and awakes. The original Pod then turns to a ball of dust in the heart of its withered shell.

New Pods, their former friends are aware that Miles and Becky still remain "unchanged" even though, for awhile, they try escaping by pretending that they've joined the pack. In spite of their brave attempts to flee the evil

of Santa Mira, Becky, in a fit of exhaustion, falls asleep, awakening as a Pod person. Panic stricken, Miles runs far away down a highway, shooting, running, warning everyone of the impending danger. Taken into custody by Los Angeles area police and thought to be drunk on a lunatic, Miles continues telling his story which detection leads so patiently but disbelieves—until, suddenly, a report flashes in that a truck full of Pod shells was discovered in a big spill-over accident on the freeway. The chief of the detectors stands back at Miles and now believes him. He orders the men in his department to summon all other police departments, the militia, the National Guard.

Final shot, team streaming down his face, feeding not only vindicated but, after a nightmare that lasted many harrowing days, starts at last, Miles ends making the evil side of the Pods has been steamed... perhaps.

Following are two interviews with Don Siegel. The first one, by the noted film historian and director, Peter Bogdanovich, appeared originally in issue number 15 of "Movie," an excellent in-depth but hard to find British magazine.

I worked very closely with Danny Mannering who's a very fine writer. Again we were helped and inspired by Walter Wanger. With all the titles in the world it's impossible to come up with a worse one than *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. It's so bad that it has totally obscured the original title I can't remember for the life of me what it was. What did you do with the script. How much did you change?

Penny's story is a damn good one. We just translated it into cinematic terms. There was a real effort to make it completely believable—that was the big chore, so that it wouldn't be just another special effects picture.

The terror of the film is in it's absolute reality. Yes, I agree. This is probably my best film, because I hide behind a facade of bad scripts, selling stories of no import and I felt that this was a very important story. I think that the world is populated by pods and I wanted to show them. I think so many people have no feeling about cultural things, no feeling of pain, of sorrow. I wanted to get it over, and I didn't know a better way to get it over than in this particular film. I thought I shot it—terrible talking about myself this way but I have for some time, so I may as well continue—I thought I shot it very imaginatively, like in the case which I found, when they run over the boards. All this was me. And I was encouraged all the time by Wanger.

What parts do you like in the opening and the ending—namely the ending. Obviously that wasn't your decision.

No it was Wanger's decision. The studio felt, in pods will feel, I suppose, that you can't have comedy in a horror film, and so they wanted clarification. They wanted on a prologue and an epilogue which I shot in self defense. If I didn't, they were going to have one of their pod directors do it, and they had quite a few. The ending of the picture, as it was, was one of the most dramatic that I've ever done and for that matter I've ever seen. It ended with Kevin McCarthy pointing his finger at the audience and screaming—You're next! and the curtain came down and

you were in a state of shock because you didn't know whether the person sitting next to you might be a pod. The prologue was totally unnecessary. I started in a simple little town with getting off the train, just a very ordinary little story about suburban life. And then this gradually took place.

So the opening and the ending could be stopped off the ends of any price and it would look pretty much the way you shot it.

No. It wouldn't look like what it became because the damage had already been done within the film. I wanted it to be so normal that when any reference about pods is made to anybody it seems absolutely ludicrous. There was a great deal of laughter in the film. They took all that out. The picture is good even though they did all that but it would have been even better. You could take off the beginning and the end, that's right, and it would be a lot closer to the way that Danny Mannering and Walter Wanger and I conceived the picture. I have run it at various times for people I was about to be associated with in America and without exception it was received very badly, which is another shattering thing I don't understand it. Maybe it's because they're pods that people are shocked at it! I didn't think of that at the time.

Is there a specific political reference in the picture to McCarthy and Eisenhower?

It was inevitable, but I tried not to emphasize it because I feel that motion pictures are primarily to entertain and I did not want to preach. How did you shoot that last freeway shot? Was it a sight and was it really done in the freeway?

Yes. It was done on a bridge over the freeway that is not used very much. I think we had fifty cars with an eleven-hour limit. It got pretty frenetic. I shot it during one evening.

In *Body Snatchers*, are you laying into American society specifically, or the world?

The world. I think the world is sick. The Pods are taking it over, that is what they are totally responsible to me; I'm very much against war. I don't think that they accomplish anything. I don't see that the world is getting any better. I don't think it's getting any better. Pick up *Time* magazine and they're fighting here and they're fighting there, they're fighting everywhere. It doesn't seem like it's ever going to stop.

The Pods element is a lack of feeling.

That's right. Absolutely. Most people—crazily people here, at Universal, in Hollywood, California, the United States—go unthinking about their work. They're not aware of what's going on about them; they're very selfish. And I'm one of them. I get to wrapped up in the work I'm doing, I'm not even aware that many less fortunate people are out of work, or starving, or in need of help. I'm blinded by being busy and I don't like to think about it. So, I'm becoming one of those people that I hate. I'm becoming a Pod.

Don Siegel relates more about directing *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* in this exclusive interview by Jim Meyer (with special thanks to Philip B. Moskowitz for helping making it possible).

Q: Who discovered Jack Finney's book, *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, and first realized its film potential?

Siegel: The producer, Walter Wanger, dis-



Above: director Don Siegel sets up a scene with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter. Right: King Donovan, Kevin and Dana ponder over a Puddin'. Center: McCarthy discovers a Poo represented for Dana Wynter. Bottom: Wynter, Carolyn Jones, Kevin and Donovan react in horror on finding Puds in the bathroom.



covered the book, thought it would make an excellent film and managed to interest Allied Artists in it.

CoF: Did you write scenario and to what extent? Did producer Walter Wanger?

Siegel: Daniel Mainwaring, in addition to being a fine scenarist and novelist, is a very close friend of mine. On my recommendation Mr. Wanger hired Danny to do the screenplay. Danny and I discussed with Mr. Wanger our attack on the story, what we wanted to say, the general style, etc. After many conferences with Mr. Wanger and with his full blessing, Danny and I got "lost" and proceeded immediately on the actual screenplay. Danny is a firm believer in a close association with the director on all his film projects. Danny would do all of the actual writing. I'm very militant about not corrupting a writer's style. One man writes. However, after laying out each sequence, Danny would then write it and turn in to me his first draft. I would aid, abet, encourage, criticize, argue—and Danny would re-write it. Because of the pressure of time, I would take our revised pages to Mr. Wanger. He would have a few constructive criticisms which I would then relay to Danny and that would be that.

CoF: What other titles had been considered for the film?

Siegel: Without equivocation, if one paid a bonus to all and sundry for the worst title to be picked, it would have been impossible to have chosen a stupider





one than **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**. For one thing, **THE BODY SNATCHERS** had been used as a title for a film before. For another, it is a cheap title with absolutely the wrong kind of connotation for our picture. But the Pods who ruled Allied

Artists and who had the final control of our title absolutely insisted on **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**. We suggested so many titles, from "let's 'Sleep No More' to 'I am A Pod,'" that I could fill an entire page with the rest of them.

CoF: While the main action took place in Santa Mira, California, what community was used for location work, how long were you there and how much time was spent on the whole production?

Siegel: Sierra Madre, a suburb of Los Angeles, was used to shoot the main action which presumably took place in Santa Mira. I thought it was a happy choice. We shot in the actual city and its environments about four or five days. The entire picture took, to the best of my recollection, nineteen days of shooting.

CoF: Of what material were the Pods made, and how many were needed during production?

Siegel: A few—about ten—were made from rubber impressions so that they could "breathe". The others, poorly and cheaply made, were of plastic. We had about fifty plastic Pods.

CoF: How many camera set-ups were required for the scene in the greenhouse during which McCarthy, Wyster, Donovan and Carolyn Jones watched the Pods come to life?

Siegel: It's a little hard, at this late date, for me to be accurate. I know I over-shot the greenhouse sequence. My guess would be, including the Pods coming to life, over a hundred set-ups.

CoF: How was that coming-to-life process accomplished? Had it been filmed separately and then integrated into the scene?

Siegel: Good old fashioned soap bubbles saved the day. We would shoot our rubber Pods coming to life, then, by cutting away to reactions from Kevin, Dana, King and Carolyn, we would pick up our Pods in a more advanced stage. We would obscure the faces with soap bubbles, then by cranking at high speed reversing our film, it would appear that the bubbles, as they burst, slowly took the form of the body they were taking over. Of course we had rubber impressions of the bodies and faces of our four principals. Actually, this was our main expense. Our crew found Dana and Carolyn particularly interesting, lying stark naked among our props.

CoF: Regarding McCarthy's frantic scene on the highway—medium and close-up shots appeared to be process work very skillfully integrated in the film. Had these been second unit shots

for the film or already on file in Allied's library?

Siegel: All of the shots on the highway of Kevin trying to stop traffic were shot on a crossbridge across the Hollywood Freeway. This particular bridge was not used by much normal traffic. We cordoned it off and shot from day-



break to down, completing all our work. There was no second suit on this sequence or, for that matter, nowhere else in the film. There was no process used at all or any other trick medium during this sequence.

CoF: Was McCarthy in danger in this sequence? Did it make it necessary to film that scene last, or was his running in and out between the heavy traffic "trick work"?

Siegel: All the shots were authentic. We rented about fifty cars, crossed our fingers and went at it furiously. There was considerable danger for Kevin. For one thing, he not only seemed but was quite exhausted. When we shot the final scene of his screaming at the cars, it was just before dawn. Kevin was so tired, I was terrified that his timing would be off and he might fall down under the wheels of the cars and trucks. I put excellent stuntmen in as actual drivers of the various cars which were near Kevin. They were all warned of the dangers and handled themselves very well. I saw no reason for so-called "trick work." I wanted very badly to make the sequence particularly believable—and so again, with fingers crossed, I shot it all straight.

CoF: Who, if anyone, involved with the film realized then that it would be so exceptional?

Siegel: Really, only one man, the producer, Walter Wanger. The studio thought nothing of the picture and really didn't have the slightest conception of what we were striving for. For example, when Mr. Wanger and I discussed how to do the film, I told him to forget all the problems concerning the special effects. I had had seven years experience in special effects, and knew that the problems that faced us were not too tough and certainly not expensive. Many special effect pictures spend millions on effects (we spent \$3,000), have too wooden characters in front of the effects who act badly or strangely, and come up with a film which is poor. My idea, which Mr. Wanger enthusiastically endorsed, was to face the problem of divulging the idea of Pods taking over the world, as normally as possible. By that, I mean that obviously, in real life, if one were to state, "Look out! Pods are about to take over!"—no one would take it seriously, and rightly so. So that's what we did. In the picture the various characters, when first learning about the Pods, did not take it seriously, but when they were suddenly face to face with this monstrous horror, their reaction was genuine—as it would be



Dana and Kevin flee in terror from their town's Pod inhabitants.



in real life. Allied Artists took Mr. Wanger's and my final cut of *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* and cut out all the humor because, in their hallowed words, "Horror films are horror films and there's no room for humor."

In addition, they forced me, against Mr. Wanger's desire, to shoot a prologue and an epilogue. I resisted shooting this mish-mash as long as I could hold out, until they threatened to have one of their janitors shoot it if I refused. In Mr. Wanger's and in my version, the last shot of the picture, the very last end shot, was a close shot of Kevin McCarthy pointing his finger directly at the audience, screaming at the top of his lungs, "You're next!" At that moment the picture abruptly and very dramatically ended. And what a stir it created when we previewed it this way. When the lights came up, everyone looked nervously at his immediate neighbor at either side of him and wondered uneasily if he were surrounded by Pods. A really sensationally original ending for a film.

CoF: Did the film have the exploitation it deserved or did it take TV to make viewers aware of the film's real worth?

Siegel: *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* was at the time treated by Allied Artists as a B picture of small commercial value. It cost under \$300,000 to make, and the studio spent practically nothing on advertising or any kind of publicity. I am sorry to report that at the time it was released in Hollywood, it was not taken seriously. Also, in a commercial sense, it was not exciting. The studio simply did not get behind the picture. It was only later—years later—that it began attracting an increasing amount of artistic attention, mostly with younger people, mostly in Europe. When the film was finally released to TV, the dam burst and the general public really liked it and understood it.

CoF: Is *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* your favorite film?

Siegel: I liked *INVASION* as a film because it had something to say, which I considered important, and it was shot in a form which I found entertaining. However, it is in fact my favorite film, which doesn't mean that it's my best work but that it's the most interesting theme that I have had the privilege to film.

THE
END



The gripping chase scene, leading to the film's dynamic conclusion. Below: Dana and Kevin, tired by their fight. Opposite page: Kevin consoles the exhausted Dana, unaware of the coming horror that will claim her. Bottom: the climactic scene leading to the finale, as Kevin tries warning posing motorists of the Pod invasion. . . or perhaps it's a warning about the Republican Party.





FRANKENSTEIN TV

movieguide

697 MISSION APOCALYPSE (93 min.—Italy—1964). Another of the many James Bond imitations spawned by Italy and practically unknown in the States. Super crime syndicate plots to terrorize and dominate the big powers—that's its vile science and war theme. Bond like hero is in bedles doing in reality is actually basic plot it never played US theaters but will undoubtedly show up on TV. Dr. James Bond Arthur Hines, Pamela Tudor, Mica Thal, Harold Bradley, Eleanora Pajardo. Color.

O.S.S. 117—MISSION FOR A KILLER (84 min.—Cinemascope—1966). Interesting Bond-like thriller, better than average of its kind. Special agent 117 goes to Rio to search for the killing of important government leaders. Aiding him is an elderly spy who works for an infamous organization using a deadly drug that causes the victim's death (and produces, for by Andre Hunsbucke, Frederick Stafford, Mylene Demongeot. Color.

O.S.S. 117 TAKES A VACATION (82 min.—Cinemascope—1965). Another one of the Bond in the popular British super-agent vs. spies series. Agent 117 hopes to crack all business deals and take a well-earned holiday in the Cotswolds. But scheming, the well-to-do bunch of buddies plot

Through the apocalyptic settings seem to be way past the halfway point, here coming under "P" run even longer than what's covered this round, forget about "O" and "R" which will get wrapped up at one time. Just looking a little ahead, titles under "S" and "T" are so many that they may run into two parts each.

episodes, brother passes away to Price by biting and infecting him before dying. Gradation from exploitation of gore, nauseating atmosphere, politics with vicious circularity in covering up directorial mistakes. With Price Gary F. Chris Lee, Hilary Swayer, Alastair Williamson, Peter Ames, Sally Gasson, Rupert Davies, Harry Bunt, Ivor Dean. Color.

CEOPHUS THE KING (87 min.—United—1958). Piffing, tragedy, murder, horror in the classical Greek tradition came to life in Sophocles' play, splendidly cast and directed by Philip Saville. Young Oedipus, unaware of his royal lineage, believing he is a poor shepherd's son, kills a noble looking warrior on his way to Thebes. He meets Queen Jo-

cean, makes slaves in grand supporting role as Theresia, the blind prophet of doom, Oedipus. Christopher Reeve, Cron, Richard Johnson, Alvin Cynn Cusack, Roger Livesey, Frederick Ledebur. Shot on location in Greece. Color.

OF GODS AND THE DEAD (128 min.—Dopa Rosenberg [Brazil]—1960). Little known horror epic, unrelaxed as for the US market except, perhaps, as twisted trial book in single art house situation or quirky play-off at some film festival. Second-hand reports reveal this a "tragic epic." Story is of divided supernatural beings who assume human shape and mix with normal people, and mix... (and more info is needed). Dir. Ray Gamber, Paulo Jose, Flauto Império. Color.

OGRE, THE (83 min.—Decca—1966). An omnibus—nry, a veritable parade of Nipponese creatures, ghosts, and in hand with supernatural forces, monsters, etc. seem to almost take over the land. Special effects and imagination in nice combination with pseudo-mythology. There's also a flying robot and a giant octopus, no less, who give the prime minister his share of chills. Dir. Tetsuo Tanaka, Hajime Hanabusa, Rieko Ichikawa, Shintaro Katsu. Color.



and more... (and over everything with a few useful secret weapons. No secret weapons at all, however, in cartoonish super-hero style. Movie made about nothing. Dir. Pierre Maillard, Eloy Martinez, Luc Millaud, Edwige Feneberg, Genevieve Grad. Color.

CHILDREN BOX, THE (91 min.—ABC—1958). Good cast and several magnificent ideas are thrown away under Gordon Newell's staid, uninspired direction. Voodoo Carle is put on Vincent Price's brother (by error) while she's trading in Africa. Brother is hidden away in English manse, terribly disfigured and growing mad as all the while. Actually he was supposed to rest in coffin, but... After series of erotic, sensuous pornography...

and more... Much later, to be better, to be better (Lyn Palmer) is his own mother and that he hated his father. Murdered by him, he gouged out his eyes after Jupiter's mangled head. Like style of Greek drama faithfully recreated with the best sense of modern filmmaking, that moving crimes against noble classics made by colleges and teachers in theatrical groups.

OH, BOY (78 min.—ABC [Britain]—1938). Piffing, a lively SPANISH comedy about naive boys who slaves recognition but a too late to start himself, and... Weird scientist gives him special disk that imbues him with warrior courage and magnetic personality. Unfortunately, disk carries one bad "side effect": he gradually regains around coward to infancy. Many reversals come and a lot of so-called high-spots drag, in way common with numerous British comedies of the Twenties and overall effect a quite good. Dir. Alfred De Cuiryille, Albert Burdon, Mary Lawson, Bernard Nedell, Jay Laurier.

OH DAD, PLOOT DAD, MAMMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELING SO SÅO (86 min.,—7 Arts—1967).

Depression shows through in incredibly botched Richard Dreyfuss film of Arthur Hays Sulzberger's memoirs. Misadventure: another Russian Russian squires about with stuffed corpse of husband Jonathan Winters and repressed neurotic son Robert Moros. The parents' accident: their white son Moros, nearly discovering sex, has brief affair with his baby-sitter who seduces him. He ends up changing her, mamma murders rich teacher who is turn dies. Mom and son leave, this time with two cars. Flat, pointless words: news, dread of stress or tumor (thanks THE LOVED ONE, roughly in a similar vein but a masterpiece). Dramatic cutting and frenetic post-production work: a no help. Hugh Griffith, Barbara Harris. **Color.**

OH, THOSE MOST SECRET AGENTS! (96 min.,—A&E—1966).

Italian comedy (see cartoon stuff about Gato gorobricking anti-dwarves who conspire on a plan to rob supposedly uninhabited villa. Inside though is a nest of espionage agents working for a foreign power. They force the two intruders to become dupes in a plan. Where they must deliver strange secret formula for some good awful weapon to mighty suppliers. Italian early Martin-Lewis type of a film. Bond, with lots of spaghetti sauce and cheese. Oh, Lucio Fulci, France Franchi, Clelio Sogno. **Color.**

OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAR! (126 min.,—Param—1966).

Shawnee musical anti-war "message" delivered in mighty ironic black comedy. Richard Attenborough's first directorial job (he also co-produced) does have some usual "first time" imperfections. The quality of world power emerges in war. In this case, WW II, the crippling, maiming, corpse count and honor of it all does, however, become grimmer, bitter reality by being cynically set to music. Gigantic, elegant starts with Europe's final gummy days, then quickly swoops away from isolate English life to the mockery of resettlements, "all to arms" and patriotic propaganda decorations "home." It depicts young ones to die for God and Country all over Europe. Maybe

It was all better done in ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, PATHS OF GLORY, THE VICTIMS and in DR. STRANGELOVE

—and seems to have derived from all of these, especially the last two which required large musical moments to crown their own scolding metaphors. But since nothing of real value could exist without derivation, and since film bears strong, indelible signature of its own with tremendous impact, it's a major classic at the very least—musical. Giant cast of thousands. Includes musical supporting/cameo roles starting greats like Ruston Richardson, John Gielgud, Kenneth More, Jack Hawkins, John Mills, Michael Redgrave, Vanessa Redgrave, Laurence Olivier, Dirk Bogarde, etc. **Color.**

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE (70 min.,—MGM—1952).

The middle-aged James Whitely's penchant for macabre (holier never seen to better advantage, though large servings of whiteness we found throughout INVISIBLE MAN and BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN) perhaps even mentioning the occult. Group of travelers reuniting together (consisting of Mervyn Douglas, Charles Laughton, Gloria Stuart, Raymond Massey, Lillian Bond) head into a storm, get stranded, seeking near-shelter, they are "invited" in and again, night with weirded family war seen on a screen: a chilling 100-year-old bedridden family patriarch (Gloria Stuart) and off-germ, phasing atmosphere (Ernest Thesiger), a stalker for decorum and propriety, though the house is the consequence of mistakes and neglect. Bob Moore, a typical Bebe Vada and religious fanatic sounding like original sin in last stages of born-again funda-

mentalism, pyromaniac brother Bremer (who must stay locked up). And, . . . Born Karloff as Morgan the "Butler," but really more the Karloffian Master, dressed up to kill, literally, and quite lethal after telling a pretty he's incapable of speech, scared, ugly, menacing, but quite articulate with his blood aw-lude grows. Really matching superb white, all mood, serious et al created thru Whitely's involvement of creative mood, set design, shadows and brilliant camera work.

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE (88 min.,—Columbia—1963).

Based on same plot (and book by J.B. Priestley) as above, but framed up and modernized. . . and unmemorable rules. Car salesman Tom Poston goes to old English house but learns his ex-wife's ghost was murdered. Other deadly fellow, and weird relatives suspect Poston who learns of plot to blow up house with dynamite. He works against time, destroys himself, and takes one thru window just as it detonates outside to kill the real murderer. Miss plot, hardly a pitch in quality gothic, but fun because of great set and director William Carter's slick, horrible plot touches. Robert Morley, Joyce Van Allen, Peter Bull, Mervyn Jones. Directed by Charles Addams (his gothic career was mainly influenced by Whitely's version of this film).

OLDEST PROFESSION IN THE WORLD, THE (115 min.,—J&M, Home-VHS—1966).

(US version, 98 min.,—1966). Handsome, well made and mounted anthology of erotica and prostitution (the ages that starts in a "Prehistoric Era" and goes all the way to "Amelioration," or fun in and out of bed (and Gerber's) 2000 A.D. style. Particularly watch out for Rainer Wachs in pre-gig name period. Many directors had a hand . . . In the film: Franco Infantino, Jean-Luc Godard, Claude Jutra, Luis Prieto, de Broca, Mauro Bolognini, Michael Pfaffner. Hosted by Michel Lenoir, Anna Karina, Jeanne Moreau, Elsa Martinelli, Michèle Mercier, Jacques Chateau, others. **Color.**



Urban light, right? The degree of getting red cloudy out of hand in 1,000 YEARS FROM NOW (But for a down-to-earth preview, drop in on Newark, N.J. anytime, any day.)



A rare and unusual shot of the dynamic and vivacious Diana Rigg—or, if you prefer, Miss Emma Peel. Starling in *ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE*, her other most recent films have been *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* and *THEATRE OF BLOOD* (see CoF no. 20).



A fabulous mand-rotating scene from ORGY OF THE DEAD

81,500,000 DUCK 192—8V—14700.

resistant to the action of oxygen, time, water, salt crystals, bugs and exposure to radiation are starting laying with gold eggs. A young prospect and a friend are this summer planning to go to the Yukon to search for the same phenomenon as the grail, swollen to their own personal financial problems. Treasury Department agents, however, see this as a threat to world economy. Fast, drill "farmily" type entertainment might've been funnier if it ended this way. A guy is Colorado dispense skulls deck, hides it with ITT towels and mixing tape, and turns out to be Nixon. Dave Jones, Sandy Duncan, Joe Flynn, Jr., Vincent McNulty. **Color.**

ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (100 mls) —

Pan-Hammer—1968. Had all of the same basic plot as the 1940 original—and all of the drawbacks—but enhanced by use of color, Raquel Welch's bouncy talent and especially by Ray Harryhausen's animation effects. Original's action and suspense superior compared with Gen Chaffey's uneven, often torpid direction. John Richardson, Marilee Sawick, Percy Herbert, Robert Brown, Cole.

ONE MORE TIME (32—46—5700).

Wesley Canning and Chris Lake have *Impostor* thrown-overboarded as Dr. Frankenstein and Dracula in stupefying "slovenly" snore. **1956'S SALT AND PEPPER**, aimed at hallways and sitcoms, Expatriates Jerry Lewis as probably America's least talented comedy director (a Judgement Borne out in *Shades of WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT?*—French outbeat beats sophisticated red), Summer Davis Jr. is debased into doing the Lewis satirical routines in banal diamond smogglers (an identity plot reminiscent of worst Lewis-adapted plots, Peter Lawford, Nancy Kerrigan, Coker).



James Caburn believes in Ear No Evil dealing with a serious mention in OUR MAN BLINT

PAGE 589 FROM 64815C 11/23/2011 11:04:11

ONE MAN FROM UMCLE (1982 min.—R) — One man from UMCLE, one woman from UMCLE, and two of UMCLE's best friends are back in theatre together with similar UMCLE patch-jobs. ONE OF OUR SPES IS MISSING! Tasks of mis-reading "self" gas is stolen from US biological warfare lab and the boys from UMCLE go after madmen who claim to have invented a new kind of bio embryonic party and then release the same. Timely conquering the world. Usual UMCLE comic-book level superficiality. Robert Vaughn, David McCallum, Dorothy Provine, Lesl G. Carroll, David Opatoshy. Dr. Joseph Sarney,

ONE STEP TO ETERNITY 124 pgs.—\$34

Pilates—1986 Interesting black comedy-shocker idea forces its way as story progresses. Sticky (Bertine) invites divorced wife, pregnant wife, father and mistress to "unusual" housewarming. None of the women suspect that each is intended to be a victim in a confined murder plot. Several nice moments until verbiage and helium take over. French, dubbed. **On:** Henri Gaspin, Danielle Demitree, Michel Avoine, Corinne Calvet, Gil Ollivier.

1,000 YEARS FROM NOW (see p. 14)—END

(1957). Originally released in 1953 as *CAPTIVE WOMEN*, otherwise nicely production-free unbillable script has two staggered minutes several minutes of cuts, neat scale models of NYC in ruins in 26th century; and that chance ability to enjoy on/off over un-intentionally funny story, barbarism slug it out with morose mutations, with a boy of skin-clad girls running around. It's dated even and poorly made—N-C and most big cities are that way NOW! Dr. Stuart Goldman, Robert Clarke, Margaret Field, William Schellert, Gloria Saunders, Rose Rangel.

ONE WISH TOO MANY (R) 9 min.—Realist

cont.—1998). Finally released in US in 1954, part of a long series of grade-B fantasies aimed at children. Youngster finds a magic glass marble and wishes himself into plenty of spacial-effects trouble. Right length to amuse children, but most older viewers will be unimpressed. Anthony Richmond, John Pike, Terry Cooke.

OPERATION CROSSBOW (116 min.—MGM)

—(S&P)— His long career affirming race in James Bond style, revealing details of little known and highly disputed events during WWII that could have really shaped the face of the earth. Intellectually gifted in London is a creature of rapid strides made by the Nazis in developing advanced rocket missiles during final months of war. Established here as a Nazi colonial colony, the development of A-Bombs. Includes Intellectually's spy program. In an 11th hour race against time, George Peppard, Tom Courtenay and Jeremy Kemp influence from different directions. Courtenay's shortly deceased and Intellectually's death in the end two sad, perfectly carry out their plans to destroy the secret rocket before an amazing, colossal fire.

tree factory deep inside a series of caves. Everyone gets killed, including the heroes, under heavy bomb attack and spectacular explosions. Meaty, complex plotting with heavy SFX/tonal motif, all adding up to grand super-thriller entertainment. **Dir.** Michael Anderson (1964, *Around the World in 80 Days*, etc.). **Treasure Howard**, **Sophia Loren**, **John Mills**, **Richard Johnson**, **Anthony Quayle**, **Richard Todd**, **Paul Henshold**, **Hilmi Quetkin**, **Color**.

ON HER BED OF ROSES (99 min.—RKO)

ness Papers (1988). The idea of making a film "based" on Krafft-Ebing's "Psychopathia Sexualis" is incredible enough, but that the movie could be so outrageously dull is downright unbelievable. Girl undergoes psychiatric treatment because of acquaintance with strange young man who becomes sinister (sound topical enough?). Poorly acted grade-C and a bomb on all counts. Ronald Warren, Sandra Lynn, Barbara Hines.

ONISABA (104 min.—Tubo—4543).

Death and decay establish an obvious, artistically creative mood of gloom for accursed Japanese honor girls past time. Time is 18th century as a bloody civil war has taken away the lives of many men and women who are most there (look at the names) remaining. Two women gloriously lure wandering warriors, killing them and then selling their positions. One such victim bears a strange demonic mark, which one of the women uses to frighten her girl, but it's impossible to remove for awhile. After much difficulty, it comes off revealing her face to be terribly disfigured and ugly. Great allegorical symbolism—powerful! — Muneko Shindo, Nobuko Oda, 1991, 1993.

OPERATION ATLANTIS (66 min.—Espan.

do-Fia [lɛlʊʁɛn]—1999. Another in a rash of European Bond imitations. Legends and rumors of the discovery of the Lost Atlantis, somewhere-deep-in-Africa, are nothing but mere bloody, "evil" Chinese up to more diabolical plans, super Atomic city and inventions most foul. Mostly based on word-of-Mao fact (Chen on that for awhile). Or, Comeco to Paletta (see Paul Fleming). John Corcoran, Erik Blass, Color.

OPERATION COUNTERSPY (111) (U.S.A.—

inspired. [Ital. French-Span. J.—1986].
 neat, thrilling, elaborate action in the very
 best bonded tradition, but never got any-
 where outside of European market. Rich,
 powerful and satirically intense fictionally so-
 phisticated tycoon creates a secret base from
 where he plans to launch program that'll
 destroy entire world. Nearly at point of
 success, the hero taps him to atoms with
 an exotic weapon. Fine Joe? Imitation for
 a change. Nick Nolde. George Andros. *Leontine May, Helene Chase.* *Good.*

OPERATION KID BROTHER (104 mla)

UA—1987). While that UA, responsible for all the bad films, should get added with, and release, one of the worst Bond imitations starring Neil Connery, no less, literally Sater's younger brother! Film's main purpose seems to prove that Neil can't act. Story: famous plastic surgeon is lashed by madman in past to conquer world. "Neff said. Dr. Alberto de Martino, Bernard Lee, Adolfo Celli, Anthony Dawson. Calif.

OPERATION MONSTERLAND (89 min.)

RAY/Takeo—1966). Released as DESTROY ALL MONSTERS. Ghidra, Mothra, Son of Godzilla, Rodan, Varan, etc. are placed on island off Japan and studied by scientists. Meird sea surrounds island, freeing monsters who begin attack on city; but they're repelled and world is saved. Usual comic-book spin prevails. Or. Ishiro Honda, Akira Kuroki, Ken Tanaka. Color.

BOX OF THE DEAD (1988) — 111

1988). Alternate titles: REVENGE OF THE DEAD, ORGY OF THE VAMPIRES. More than likely that original release was ten years earlier... involves some personnel behind such "classics" as Plan 9 From Outer Space, Bride of the Atom (Monster), etc. A monster lineup includes el cheapo westerns, mystery, book and, of course, "I Predict" Criswell. Laffable, almost rotten enough to be good, but Randywer. Skewo Silver.

ORPHEUS, 184, m/v.—OHC—1949).

Director John Coxson's Olympian genius existentially applied to this filmed realization of



ONE MILLION B.C. (80 min.—UA—1940). Tremendously interesting but grossly flawed to the extent that D.W. Griffith ordered his name removed as producer and co-director (joining Hal Roach Sr./Jr. take "credit"). Main mistake is childish plot: brutish cave tribe forces fussy cavewoman with kindly Shoshone tribesman's manners and volcanic eruption-earthquake terms both sides together. Many intriguingly photographed episodes combine with good special effects, though matte blow-ups of small live reptiles is bit of Otis-style animation seems very disappointing once you think about it; but overall effect is, oddly enough, highly evocative, thrilling entertainment. Victor Mature is physically ideal in Tarzan-like arrow; Cheney Jr. at his best as Aikrook. Cross, Landis, John Hubbard, Nigel de Brulier, Jess Porter. Narrated by Conrad Nagel.

a Greek classic. The outcome is a supreme achievement of poetic magnitude rarely ever seen on a screen. Frame after frame, each sequence is the embodiment of superb classical imagination and visual sense of true artistry. It's impossible to do justice to such a classic in five space (see *GoP* no. 6's "The Testament of Jean Cocteau" for complete details and careful article on the director). Film has influenced many others, especially *THE WILD ONE*. Rating: One of the Great Films of All Time.

OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE (104 min.—MGM—1947). Jack Clayton's brains and beautiful follow-up to *THE INNOCENTS*, based on Julian Gluck's macabre novel about British children who try to hide their mother's death and avoid being sent to an orphanage. Very odd story with director veering from prebend to nihilism. Not a complete success, though Clayton's second best is still first calves. Kirk Bogarde, Pamela Franklin, Margaret Brooks. Color.

OTHELLO (170 min.—WB—1965). Lavish, opulent and expensive treatment of play seems unfortunately little to imagination in its third filmation for the screen. Director Stuart Burge's technique is absolutely faithful in recreating every facet and incident described by Shakespeare, but nearly three hours rarely capture what *Cross* and *Wentworth* could do in nearly half the time. Worth seeing as a flawed play, though, especially for Laurence Olivier as Othello, Maggie Smith, Joyce Redden, Frank Finlay. Color.

OTHER MAN, THE (120 min. with commentary—ABC-TV—1976). Outstanding performance by Jack Haskell in this made-for-TV production as a neglected housewife who begins an affair with playboy Roy Thinnes. Hoodlum blinded by love, she fails to see that she's walked into a *VENTIGLO*-like situation. Filmed at Big Sur. Tawny Graham, Arthur Hill. Color.

OUR MAN FLINT (107 min.—Fox—1965). Good sets and special fx used in fast-paced satire as agent Flint (James Coburn) foils



"Defensa"

plot to control weather changes. Many funny gimmicks throughout—film succeeds mainly because of Coburn's talent and enthusiasm, and important to remember as the film itself made him a star. Dir. Daniel Mann (Rose Tanne, *Thelma of the August Moon*), Lee J. Cobb, Joe Glenn, Edward Mulhare, Celeste

OUT OF SIGHT (87 min.—Urb.—1966). Rar as the unintentionally selfish attorney but definitely its own r/r got overhauled bomb plot outlined by man called Big Daddy, who's been driven insane by r/r music and plans to blast it out of existence at a big concert he's sponsoring. Unfortunately, group of r/r freaks prevent him. Jonathan Daly, Jerry Lewis and the Playboys (who in their hey day didn't've changed much with their teen-age coquetry). Dir. Landis (Lenny, *Cole*).

OUTWARD BOUND (83 min.—WB.—1956). Loosely based modernization of *Omoo* legend, sensitively filmed, with excellent performance by Leslie Howard in lead role. Two young lovers join a group of people on ocean voyage, eventually realizing that all on board are dead. Ship's mad and steward, Dudley Digges, symbolizes Hades' ferryman taking his passengers down the river as they die. Remade 14 years later as *BETWEEN TWO WORLDS*, but lacking original's dramatic-humoristic quality. Helen Chandler, Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

ADDENDA

ODD MAN OUT (113 min.—Urb.—1947). John Mason is outstanding but almost always obscured by performance from great cast. Story of wounded Irish rebel Meade's adventures and mishaps, trying to seek shelter, as he seeks to Clytemnestra's, exposing a variety of people's idiosyncrasies and the human condition in suspense-filled series of episodes, many laden with brilliant black humor, interwoven by incident wit, tragedy and action throughout. A true classic, directed by Carol Reed, Robert Newton, Cyril Cusack, Dan O'Herlihy, Fay Compton, Robert Dratty.

OF MICE AND MEN (137 min.—UA—1939). John Chumley Jr.'s own personal interpretation (culminating mostly from his father's selfish ego) inspired him to give his air as Lennie, the pathetic retard, the best performance of his bright career as both for this Academy Award-winning film. Top-notch supporting cast is vibrant, comic-relief on lead star Eugene Meredith as Lennie's kind protector trying to keep him out of trouble. John Steinbeck's grim neo-classical novel got in a vibrant working ranch in the Depression (and 35%) before adapted by director Lewis Milestone (*All Quiet on the Western Front*, *A Walk in the Sun*, etc.). Betty Field, Bob Steele, Charles Bickford, Noah Berry Jr.

OOOOGH (85 min.—Col.—1933). Director John Gilling got lots of practice on such film before rising to more notable ventures, and likewise Hammer Nations such as *Plague of the Zombies*, and even *The Mummy's Revenge*. Dropped-out, dull cinematic, in poor vein. Some tradition, but also the draughted mother sewing into body in the jungle. It bars out that audience is missing Florida Fleming, Pamela De Woff, Juma, Eleanor Summerhays, Celeste

O. HENRY'S FULL HOUSE (117 min.—Fox—1952). Piece of the great master storyteller's tales in *Freddie Rains* anthology film format. However, certain critics under-

estimated, some dimly, to innate beauty and atmosphere generated by excellent period quality throughout most of the tales. Three points: "The Cop and the Anthem," "The Gilded Call," "The Gift of the Magi" are charming time-lapse to an earlier New York with their set, but whose western soil walked as recently as 20 to 14 years ago. And "The Last Leaf" is particularly enchanting. "The Remedy of Red Chief" with Fred Allen and Oscar Levant is funny but is a 15-min scene and western in the quality. Above segments directed respectively by Henry Koster, Henry Hathaway, Henry King, Jan Neugebauer, Howard Hawks.

OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE (87 min.—WB—1958). Ernest Hemingway's light and simple novel required a good deal of understatement just to get nearly an hour and a half on screen. Beautifully evocative, under state druggars philosophizing concerns Man vs. Life, symbolized by one Cuban fisherman Spencer Tracy out to sea by fish, stepped it away out at sea, sharks biting slowly away, with nothing but ragged silence left by the time old man arrives in port. Tracy presents an eerie photographic analysis of a man's value. Dir. John Sturges (*Ice Station Zebra*, *Marooned*). Celeste

ON THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE (86 min.—Fox—1958). Deceitfully told account of U.S. space program during pre-Sputnik days. Men placed for astronomical career are put through series of endurance tests and space flight training. Badly dated enough even for its time, semi-documentary pedestrian style insured built-in kiss of death. Dir. Robert D. Webb. John Hotel, Guy Madison, Warren Stevens, Gene Jigger, Virginia Latta, Celeste

ON THE WATERFRONT (168 min.—Col.—1954). "I could've been a contender," uttered metaphorically by Marlon Brando to



elder brother Rod Steiger, opens one of the final acts to a great realistic movie film. The Brando can evoke another murder, his Rod's found dead hanging by a hook in his neck. Stud Schulberg's scathing exposé of typical union skepticism is bravely exposed humorously—director Elia Kazan at his best. A classic. Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb.

1001 ARABIAN NIGHTS (75 min.—UPA—1958). The inimitable, unmistakable voice of Jim Backus once again backs up narrating Mr. Magoo's time in a spectacular feature-length cartoon version of the familiar Arabian tales. Typical of above-average quality of this effort is the wonderfully half-hour Magoo series appearing in a few years later, and still in proper syndication. Dir. Jack Kinney. Voices of Alan Reed, Herschel Bernardi, Dwayne Hickman, Kathryn Grant, Hans Conried, Colee.

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS (81 min.—Urb.—1948). Young 16-year-old experiment stage executive Robert Walker finds stone statue of Venus coming to life voluptuously as Gardner (who is, as usual, so attractive that it hurts). Otherwise film plot lingers back and forth to the past when Gardner and Walker aren't together, then falls with a dull thud once the becomes a stage actor at the finale. Dir. William A. Seiter. Tom Conway, Dick Haymes, Olga San Juan, Eve Arden.

OSCAR WILDE (98 min.—Fires Around the World—1960). Intriguing in-depth film biography, mostly centered around Wilde's ruthless and art that exposed to the world his so-called "pervious" relationship with Lord Douglas. Well directed and literate,

though quite fancy, but important examination of the man whose imagination and witty genius (and author of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" and many famous plays) represented not only the best of Victorian-era culture and an important break-through in writing (that influenced countless writers and poets for the last half century). Wilde was actually the whole package that inspired the Art Nouveau movement, especially master artist Aubrey Beardsley. Indeed, Wilde has artistically affected—well, if indirectly—creativity in our century more than any other major figure. More than excellently played by Robert Morley, who originally appeared in a Broadway hit version of Wilde's life 20 years earlier. Dir. Gregory Ratoff. Myths Calvert, John Neville, Helen Richardson, Dennis Price, Alexander Knox.

ORDERED TO LOVE (92 min.—Germ—1960). Based on actual history, if not on practical fact, Nazi-run breeding camps to create super-race soldiers of the future provided the basis of some of the film. Obviously influenced spectators at all as a whole idea and, unfortunately, has always been shown in a naïve way. Concept, though, isn't handled as well as it could be. It's to be admired, as the great set design by Theresia Jany. Dir. Werner Klingler. Maria Noll (*On Danger*, *Gladiators*—see *Col* p.26), Rosemary Kysilek, Maria Perschy.

OUR TOWN (80 min.—UA—1945). Thornton Wilder's durable masterpiece of American life re-depicted from successful stage hit into even better film version. Turn-of-century New Hampshire is the backdrop spanning some 60 years in the lives of two families, their small-town activities and friends, unaltered with several fine sub-plots. Whole cast focused on and spins around teenagers William Holden and Maureen O'Hara who grew up

Some from *OLD DARK HOUSE*. Left to right, several veterans of many movies and other films: Peter Bull in coffin of Dr. Strangelove fame; Robert Morley appeared in a *Study in Terror*; Marylyn Jones starred in the classical *The Dead of Night*. Joanne Scott also appeared in *Crack in the World*.

as next-door neighbors, share in happiness, experience, the deaths of relatives, and many. Unusually warm, sentimental drama with excellent singing (and some-else as accompaniment in modern Greek chorus fashion). Musical score by Aaron Copland (*Of Mice and Men*) is great! Like any Aaron Copland score, it alone is worth "price of admission." Dir. Sam Wood (Goodbye Mr. Chips, Kings Row, For Whom the Bell Tolls, *Pay Garden*, *Crash Landing*, Thomas Mitchell, Guy Kibbee, Stu Krich, Frank Craven.

OTHELLO (92 min.—UA—1955). It took Oskar Wilde's Prometheus pain and around six years to make his flawed though still fine minor classic, only a little story of twisted KANE, AMBERGROSS and LADY FROM SMITHSONIAN since Hollywood considered his genius possible new genre, thus, financial risk. Result took a little he couldn't raise enough money for the famous "Turkish bath" sequence, especially created and faked so that the actors could go around in beach-shots. Notwithstanding such problems, Shakespeare's masterpiece classic of tragedy and tragedy means (with great insight, guts and brilliance, drawn by Wilde in this role and Michael MacLennan's masterful integration of the evil Iago Robert Coote, Robert Gaultier, Fay Compton.



FILMS

IMAGES (101 min.—Hemdale—1972) To the list of outstanding films involving women and mental illness—**THE SNAKE PIT** (1948), **THE THREE FACES OF EVE** (57), **LIZZIE** (57), **HOME BEFORE DARK** (58), **REPULSION** (67)—add this one, Robert Altman's most ambitious film to date, distinguished by a number of innovations not previously explored in this genre of filmmaking. Actually, it creates a new genre, intercutting thriller elements with a woman confronting her own bourgeois dopplegänger and such retrofitted devices as lead actress Susan Sarandon's York wearing and reading from a children's book ("In Search of A Unicorn") which she did indeed author, plus a shuffling interchange of real-life and character names. Like **REPULSION**, this is an interior monologue, the hallucinatory perception of Cathy, who is continually condemning one person for another, including a dead lover and her own self. The success of the film owes much to Sarandon's York, who delivers the best performance of her career, and the Panavision photography of Vilmos Zsigmond (who may well be the greatest cinematographer in movie history—though we wonder if he'll ever again equal his opening shot in **SCARECROW**). Music by John Williams with some sound sculpturing by Storm Shashua. Rite Ambrogio, Marc Bortoff, Hugh Millan, Cathryn Harrison, John Morley.

DIMENSION FIVE (76 min.—Fox—1966). Not previously reviewed in CoF.—Seemingly influenced by **MAN FROM UNCLE**, this one's heavy on secret agent stuff as Jeffrey Hunt-

er was once traveling against an outfit called Dragon which plans to bomb L.A. The time travel looks like "beating down," and is only a minor part of the "action"—mainly one of those riding around in cars and flying about to replace affairs. It put us to sleep. David Chase, technical adviser of **KUNG FU**, appears in the film. France Nuyes, Color.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB (123 min.—MGM—1972). As noted in the article on Mary Shelley in CoF no. 3, Lady Caroline Lamb figures tangentially into the history of **FRANKENSTEIN**. Her novel, "Gaius" (1816) is a fictionalization of the triangle between Lord Byron, William Lamb and herself. "Frankenstein" (1818) was expanded from a short story to a novel at Byron's suggestion. This film, the directorial debut of Robert Bolt, concentrates on Caroline Lamb's desperate obsession for Byron (Richard Chamberlain), an outstanding, memorable performance. The above novels aren't ever mentioned and recorded history is altered by Bolt in several places. However, there is such a striking verisimilitude of English life during that decade that one can easily fantasize Byron's influence on the Shelleys in May of 1816, not long after his affair with Lady Lamb (Sarah Miles, Bolt's wife). Also ignored by the film is Mr. Lamb's involvement with the young Edward Bulwer-Lytton (author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and the longer novel classic "The House and the Lines") whom she forced to wear Byron's ring. Jon Finch is appropriately bland as William Lamb, a role sandwiched between his unrestrained death-dealing in **MACBETH** and

stand-out performance in Hitchcock's **FRENZY** (not to overlook his upcoming role as Jerry Cornelius in Robert "Phibes" Furst's film of Michael Mooncock's apocalyptic SF fantasy, **THE FINAL PROGRAM**). John Mills, Margaret Leighton, Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Michael Wilding. Color.

FOOTLIGHT PARADE (102 min.—WB—1933. Re-released by United Artists). "What's this?" you ask... does CoF consider Busby Berkeley a fantasist? The answer is yes. If you're doubtful, what can be said except, try it, you'll like it. This film is one of Berkeley's greatest, featuring the famous "By A Waterfall" dancing and water ballet, John Garfield as an extra in the "Shanghai Ed" number, the unintentionally grotesque "Hercules Hord" sequence, and "Boris" On a Backyard Fence" with the girl dressed in cat outfits and, briefly, a dwarf dressed as a mouse. Chester Kent (James Cagney) contemplates doing a "Frankenstein" dance somewhere in the fast-paced action; it never appears, but that line of dialogue indicates that Berkeley might have considered the idea. A brief clip from **TELEGRAPH TRAIL** (1933) starring John Wayne is also seen. Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Cary Kibbee, Ruth Donnelly and William V. Mong (who wore makeup for the 1929 **SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN**).

LEO THE LAST (100 min.—UA—1970). An allegory by John Boorman. Worth catching before you see Boorman's upcoming film **ZARDOZ**, about immortality on the planet Vortex. In **LEO**, the rock robot

the north (symbolized by one street), but solely because Leo (Marcello Mastroianni), their landlord, decides he can destroy all barriers of class and race in a single blow. Triumph, but also befuddled by his own actions, he burns down his own house. The plot isn't as fast-paced as it may sound: in West Endway, Mass., last May, a man protecting high property taxes bulldozes his own house (worth about \$40,000) and stayed in with his relatives. As in *DELIVERANCE*, Boorman questions the very conventions and patterns of behavior upon which life is actually structured. Thought-provoking. It was Boorman the Cannes Best Director Award. Color.

CREeping FLESH, THE (92 min.—Col.—1972). Freddy Francis' latest is one of his better efforts after a series of recent disappointing films. Effort to tell four different stories simultaneously gets a bit shaky, but the overall result is above average even if less than completely satisfying. Except for GIRLY, Francis has never fulfilled the promise he cinematography (*THE INNOCENTS*) and direction of his first feature (*THE SKULL*) implied. Kindly scientist Peter Cushing and less kindly brother Christopher Lee are out to isolate evil under a microscope so that an interesting system can be developed. Overpositive Cushing macabralizes his virgin daughter, Leona Heithorn, with the staff and... well, this change comes over her, see... Properly macabralistic and Victorian period piece features good production and some nice house effects—though, as usual, they're over-the-top long for maximum effectiveness. The gaudy prehistoric doctor is particularly swell. Kenneth J. Warren, Michael Rapper. Color.

HATCHET FOR A HONEYMOON (83 min.—GCP—1972). Some typically beautiful moments for Mario Bava fanatics in this little-known 1970 Italian psycho thriller, though the pacing is disjointed as ever and the plot, such as it is, is mindbogglingly repetitious. Sort of a minor-league variation on *BLOOD AND BLACK LACE*, with a handsome hatchet murderer backing up pretty models in his beauty salon after dressing them in wedding gowns, all because of an unhappy (to say the least) childhood experience. The usual quota of nude menstrues, striking lighting, anti-heroic angst and apparitions of the here as a drowsy-eyed child (not to mention a race scene and hopeful doings) make it another moving man for Bava devotees, although it'll be as difficult as ever to explain to the unsensitized. Stephen Farquhar, Dagmar Lander. Eastman Color (dub), which means it'll probably flick before most of those who care even get to see it.

REFLECTION OF FEAR, A (89 min.—Col.—1972). Made in 1971 in *LABYRINTH*, this arty number languished on the shelf for awhile until Columbia cut it and set it out as a horror dud. The present truncated version is sheer on coherence but long on tricky visuals. Director William Fraker (*MONTE WALSHE*), a former cinematographer, and camerawork by Laszlo Kovacs make it fun to watch even when the plot is at its most busy—which is all the time. Wend teenager Sandra Locke is held virtually prisoner in her barbed-wire enclosed island home by weird woman Mary Ure and weird grandpa Signe Hasso. Enter long-dead doctor Robert Shaw and current fiancée Sally Kellerman, and pretty soon the murders start.

The twist ending is at least perverse if not terribly convincing, while loose ends and looseplots abound. Color.

FRENZY (116—Uay—1972) Alfred Hitchcock back to great form, directing an Anthony Schaffer screenplay based on Arthur La Bern's "Goodbye Pissably, Farewell Lovers!" (since repeated as ph with some title as fuck). His first British-based film in 22 years, like all good Hitchcocks it deserves to be seen several times. Psycho-rapist-strangler Barry Foster is so adept at getting up his victims, while swinging about old London town, that his unsuspecting friend, Jim Fawcett, learns the truth nearly too late and misbehaves as the killer to boot. Good, typically Hitchcock twists, dark humor, top macabre moments. Music by Ron Goodson. Alec McCowen, Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Color.

SLEUTH (118 min.—Fox—1972). More than two hours fly too fast in one of the



The menacing masters of menace and mayhem, Michael Rapper, Peter Cushing, above, and Christopher Lee, right, in *THE CREEPING FLESH*.

gentlest films of the past ten years. Superb filmmaking by a true master, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who wrote and directed *Diogenes*, *Somewhere in the Night*, *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, *Five Fingers*, *Julius Caesar*, *Guns and Dogs*, *Cleopatra*, etc., and the Academy Award winning classic, *ALL ABOUT EVE* (a masterpiece of meticulous, witty dialogue and performances by Bette Davis, George Sanders, Anne Baxter). Mankiewicz turns Anthony Schaffer's screenplay from his own play into an ever better movie. Brilliant exchange of roles as two men, Michael Caine and Laurence Olivier, try to beat each other in various subtle plots (and subplots) to break, eventually to destroy each other. The involvements and complexities are so sharp, so significantly compressed and executed, it comes at a tempo when "the odd" flashes on the screen. Large segments have such a polished "hone rike" quality in this super-smooth production that it would be wiser discretion waiting to see it some day on TV with commercial interruptions. Caine also does some of his part as Charley St. in his best role to date; and Olivier proves himself again to be a master of his art in the role of detective author-playwright Andrew Wyke whose macabre-like manner is filled to overflowing with guile, wit, and witless moving dolls, fortune-telling machines, etc. Sets and production design by Ken Adam are marvelous. Perhaps this is the only true

an entertainment history when a screen and Broadway version (still running, starring Patrick Macnee)—and various road companies, including London's stage—can successfully oppose each other, and created a devoted following, if not a cult. Color.

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE (117 min.—Fox—1972). Partially filmed aboard the Queen Mary, Irwin Allen's finally struck top project in this big-budgeted chameleon. Starts in deceptive semi-documentary style, then becomes weird, fantasy-like adventure of a huge ruptured ocean liner and its survivors. Several of the most impressive scenes: a tidal wave hitting the ship, a shot that loses a little of its impact because another shot is edited into the middle of it, scene of ballroom interior as ship turns over and people, grand pianos, etc. slide down walls, seen underwater, the other ship upside-down, illuminated by occasional explosions, also seen underwater, Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Shelley Long, Carol Lynley, Stella Stevens, Pamela Sue Martin, Jack Albertson and Eric Shea swimming through passageways, doom to engine room. Some small, curvy moments, a little goddess and diabolical making of a few scenes implied by the fine performance, from all perspective and awareness of the whole adventure. Good last direction by Ronald Neame, based on Paul Gallico's novel. Rod Taylor, Roddy McDowall, Arthur O'Connell, Leslie Nielsen. Color.

SLITHER (97 min.—MGM—1972). The directorial debut of Howard Zuck, formerly of tv commercials, is a sort of Black Comedy On the Road, as several strangely sinister mobile homes follow James Can, Sally Kellerman, Peter Boyle and Louise Lasser around California. Whatever went wrong with this film, no one can say it doesn't generate



strong suspense. Plus there's Laszlo Kovacs' cinematography—and Caine creates such a brilliant character that, at long last, he's forgiven for his pseudo-Brando psychopunk in *LADY IN A CAGE* (even though he'll never be able to forget it—though in all justice Caine's staidest work in *THE GODFATHER* and splendid moving performance as the lead in the made-for-tv *BRIAN'S SONG* [winner of an Emmy] are also part of his good record). Color.

THE LEGEND OF BOGGY CREEK (90 min.—Halo—1973). First film from Pierce-Ladette Productions of Tarkenton, Texas, is purportedly a true documentary

of the Foaks Monster of Foake, Arkansas—a sort of Bigfoot, with a Southern drawl. Amatrush, with cast of non-professionals, lacks much expertise and needed polish, but nevertheless contains a few neat moments of monster-savvy Foaks folk and some beautiful photography. Won't stop any awards, but the kids (who packed theatres to capacity) enjoyed it a lot. Includes narration (Wern Seearman) and interviews with local yokels. Color.

SAVAGES (106 min.—Angelika—1973). Highly unusual, offbeat allegory of civilization's rise and fall. Primitive savages arrive at a deserted mansion and then begin to assume the roles of various "cultured" types. A sort of **LORD OF THE FLIES** in reverse, from the director of **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH**, James Ivory. Production could've used some peening, since a few huge squanders just hang in there too long. Louis Studin, Anne Francine, Salome Jens, Ultra Violet, Kathleen Widdoes. Color.



Above: Laurence Olivier, as Wyle, in one of the more eccentric, but typical, sequences in **SLEUTH**. Left: Sarah Miles, as **LADY CAROLINE LAMB**, enjoys a macabre interlude with one of Lord Byron's many weird eretrics while visiting the great poet's home.

Below: Richard Chamberlain, as Lord Byron, is quite bored at a costume ball, while **LADY CAROLINE LAMB** (Sarah Miles), who is madly infatuated with him, stands by his side dressed as his slave girl.

SSSSSSSS (99 min.—Umi—1973). Lots fun with veteran buddy Strother Martin (the sadistic prison director of **COOL HAND LUKE**) as a kindly but quite, quite mad scientist who turns vacant-headed student assistant Dick Brundick into a King Cobra—all the better to survive the polluted future, don't you see? Pracky cut gives their all handling shiny reptiles, getting shredded ova, etc. Strother even gets bitten outstern by a black mamba (talk about dedication). **PLANET OF THE APES** John Chambers has designed a really superb snake-man makeup, Hal Orenson's script is well-paced and often funny, and Horne Kowalski (**GIANT LEECHES**) turns in his best directing job, getting some nice Tod Browning atmosphere into a couple of creepy carnival freak show sequences. Moreover, the snake stuff is both fascinating and repellant, with a few moments likely to bring satisfied yowls from the kids. Heather Meneses, Jack Garg, Richard B. Shull. Color.

THE RESURRECTION OF ZACHARY WHEELER (94 min.—company "—1971). Complete production info unavailable: when this was TV'ed, apparently as a 30-min. Perhaps first good filmations of alternate

possibilities of the scientific application of DNA/cloning (the theory of reassembling a complete duplicate of a man from a mere sliver of skin from one's body). Senator and possible Presidential hopeful Bradford Dillman's damaged body is removed from our week, investigative journalist Leslie Nielsen knows that Dillman has only short time to live, and gets suspicious when the body is mysteriously transferred elsewhere. U.S. Govt. intelligence tries thwarting Nielsen's hunt, almost succeeds as he chases cross-country to his destination: in kind of **AN-OROMEDA STRAIN** atmosphere, secret science center in Alamogordo, N.M., is hard at work saving lives of famous people via major transplants extracted from bodies of horse-grown clones. (e.g. organ rejection is impossible when it comes from a "man"). Some flaws and slack periods don't detract from dynamic final third of the story. Definitely a "must see." James Daly. Color.

THE RULING CLASS (155 min.—UA—1972). Overly long British production about lunatics, with messianic delusions, who inhabit an outland. Features such attractions as "The Electrical Messiah," a bizarre hallucinatory monster, Jack the Ripper fantasies, and discussions with "the insane in





Above: The left-faced Walt Disney used around 1922. Lower right: DUMBO. Bottom right: Walt Disney and Margie Gay, surrounded by the artwork for *Walt's ALICE COMEDIES* (1925).

DUMBO (65 min.—Buena Vista—1941). This re-release played to packed houses, and it's great that youngsters—and adults—today can experience theatrically a film made when the Disney organization was flush with success, having just moved to the new Burbank studio and still collecting worldwide loves for *SNOW WHITE*, *MOONSHODD* and *FANTASIA*. But once upon is the "Wink Elephants On Parade" fantasy and animation efforts as one lothens with any more; the smoke from the canon steam engines, for instance, illustrated by the hand below. The four black crown sing "When I Seen an Elephant Fly" and track in Bob Crumb style after the line "Well, I seen a vegetable truck. This moment alone is worth a full admission price" (Especially to fans of "Tales from the Fridge"). Much work on this film was done by late animator Walt Kelly (five years before he created *POGO*) and Woody Barntowne, who is now Disney Corp.'s most important creative figure (who just finished directing *ROBIN HOOD*). Color.

charge of the asylum?" a psychotic speech in the House of Lords, all of whom are co-wedded couples. Screenplay by Peter Barnes, based on his own play. Peter O'Toole, Alastair Sim, Arthur Lowe, Harry Andrews, Coral Browne, Michael Keating. Color.

SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT (88 min.—Cannon—1973). Made as *ZORRA* on Long Island in 1971, this has been re-edited and reworked to such an extent in the re-reworking period that it makes little sense in final form, although the plot had some potentially clever angles. Numerous comic types got chopped up by axe-murderer in small N.Y. town that once housed an asylum. Okay madhouse sequence features undergrounders like Gailane and Cindy Daring, otherwise a kooky jumble connected by flashbacks-within-flashbacks, off-on narration by two different characters, during director (Ted Geoghegan). Lead villain James Patterson died soon after filming, making post-production revisions even more difficult (and unresolving). Patrick O'Neal, John Cassin, Walter Abel, Mary McCormack. (Briefly shown as *NIGHT OF THE DARK FULL MOON* in 1972.) Color.

CANNIBAL GIRLS (90 min.—AIP—1972). Sporadically interesting but generally leadsen attempt at speciosity about Canadian town with taste for human flesh has a few impractical moments, but mostly comes off like amateur night. Reconstructs the old "warning" gimmick from *TERROR IS A MAN* and, later, *CHAMBER OF HORRORS* whereby a beaver sends before the blood flows (okay, we might add, then direct to tell you it's okay to look. You might be well advised to keep your eyes—and ears—covered throughout. Eugene Levy, Andrea Martin, Bonnie Nelson, Ronald Ulrich, Dr. Ivan Reitman. Color.

THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES (78 min.—Dunaway—1973). Currently being hailed as the breakthrough between art and porno, but don't you believe it. Imagine the hell scenes from *THE DEVIL'S MESSENGER* with hardcore sex added, and you have some idea how cheap, crummy and inept this grade C effort is. The devil gives unattractive spunkier singer Georges Spivak one last crack at a Last Weekend before she's consigned for eternity to a bare room with an important creep who won't satisfy her strange desires. Critics who should know better loved this, praising the photography (fuzzy, unimaginative), music (no wonder, since it features Fats Domino's score for *ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST*, taken right off the soundtrack album) and acting (no comment). It's dirty, all right, but we'll wait for Franco Truffaut's or even Roger Vadim's first porno film before we even start talking about porno flicks and art films in the same breath. John Cassin, Harry Reams. Color.

WONDER WOMEN (82 min.—General Film Corp.—1973). Low-grade sci-fi programmer has poor Nancy Kwan in mad doctor transplanting brains of pained, dead female celebrities into virile bodies of world athletes, kidnapped by her army of female convicts. Remnant of *MILION EYES OF DR. MURDO* but not so good, if you can believe it. Hero Ross Hagen falls into male chauvinist formula by losing her bulldozer muscles practically single-handed. It cheapo-musko production shot in the Philippines (where else?) has a couple of pseudo-looking routines that run across badly, phony mad-sci tropes, generally crummy acting from Filipino-pe regulars Roberts Collins, Vic Dam, Maria De Aragon and, of course, Sid Hag, the modern Bando Hatter. Dr. Robert O'Neil. Color.

FELLEN'S ROMA (128 min.—UA—1972).



A nightmare by a cinematic. Documentary discoverer into fantasy. The Eternal Cinema. Structure of film divided (at least for review purpose) into sequences: an almost idyllic discovery of old Rome in a subway excavation (inspiration of Bava's *PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES*), a huge ancient crane and Fellen's crew entering Rome in dressing men (apparently reminiscent of Bava's opening), motorcycle tour of Rome at night (a la Cocteau), and a bizarre occultual fashion show, unlike anything ever filmed, with the concentration of Pope Pius XII, flashing neon robes, skirting cardinals and men modeling the flapping turtleneck off. There's a strong



THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE (left to right—Stella Stevens, Ernest Borgnine, Jack Albertson, Shelley Winters, Red Buttons, Carol Lynley and Pamela Sue Morris).

icking in the film that Fellini professes the Rite of his youth and the ancient Rite to the one of today. He sees himself at the age of 18 (played by Peter Gonzales), spending his first evening in Rome, parting a family and neighborhood street feast, dining on snails and pasta as streetcars swirl by. Proving that you can have decay and cut too. Music by Nino Rota. Anna Magnani, Gino Vitti. Color.

WEEKEND (95 mins.—New Yorker Films—1968). Sparsely distributed, now being "rediscovered" and greater than ever. If life is a cabaret, old chair, it's also one hell of a weekend—a downhill race of blood, violence, rape, corruption, jokes, puns, spicy paint, accidents, speeches, conspiracies, fits, moments, comedy and tragedy. Made at fever pitch by Jean-Luc Godard, early in film are two long takes over stalled traffic in obvious reference to famous Laurel and Hardy scene. Instead of L&H, Godard offers reality of a hideous corpse-strewn traffic accident. Suddenly, the camera is free and speeds off to even more bizarre scenes, films and literary allusions (including strange encounter where the film characters meet characters from a novel and debate over who is more "real"). "It is an appalling comedy," said renowned N.Y. Times critic Renata Adler. "It is hard to take. There is nothing like it at all." Released in '68, is only one year there was something like it—Charles Manson, dealing drug buggies death? Color.

SISTERS (93 mins.—AIP—1973). Terrific,

baroque plot idea is bungled by undisciplined direction, scripting of Brian DePalma (KURFING). Separated Sistine twin sisters, one good, one bad, involved in gay markets investigated by girl newspaper reporter. Loaded with untapped potential, clear story values are shrouded in favor of sloppy "homages" to Hitchcock, tricky, "arty" cinematography which deadens the suspense. Final portions almost incoherent. Nice performance by Margot Kidder in title role(s), and worth seeing for the superb, atmospheric music score by Bernard Herrmann which, for awhile, makes pic seem better than it is. Jennifer Salt, Charles Durning, William Finley, Bernard Hughes. Color.



ON TV

STARLOST (NBC-TV, 60 min. with commercials). Perhaps one of the few shows ever aired when you look forward to the commercials. — So, you want to learn what happened to all (or at least part) of the great staff left over from **SILENT RUNNING**? And, you say you're interested in the aftermath of Kubrick's "Star Child", oh, Beaky, and what do you think happened to those great ideas from **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**, **STAR TREK**, **LOST IN SPACE**, etc., etc.? Well, gang, they're all back in cheap-jack, claustrophobic surroundings. And it's all pretty abominable!





Above: Britt Davis is wooed in **SCREAM, PRETTY FEGGY**. Opposite page: Gossamer in ABC-TV's **Suspense Movie** series for a **horrified** review, the **tremendously** actualized **DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK**—about creatures underneath a house who close the broadcasts. Below right: **THE ADDAMS FAMILY FUN HOUSE**, an ABC-TV syndicated sub-shot. L. to r.: Shirley Kye (Ursula Foster), Pat McCann (Lurch), Liz Torres (Morticia), David Jack (Pugsley) (center), Nicole Van Deus (Wednesday, Dutch Patience (Pugsley).

If Kate Dallas appeared to have mutated into a Star Child in 2001, apparently he did not stop there but grew a bit older to become STARLOST's star, and someone passed on or told him to grow a Groucho on his nose—but he ain't funny, kids. He's not even interesting. Maybe because it just happens that diction and everything else suck.

Minimally responsible for the few tiny seconds that "look good," Doug Trumbull's availability and efforts are all thrown into the trash can; the "producers" (and sarcasm is necessary here) have surrounded everything with all manner of cheap plastic and plaster-board/plywood (painted idiosyncratically) their notable carpenter and "art" dept could design. This isn't too obvious perhaps on black and white sets, but on color TV it's screaming (not to be confused with Trumbull's excellent continued opticals and effects which, as pointed above, are few and overwinded by the clapping).

While the series' basic premise would have been an excellent idea if developed by an intelligent production staff, it's total treatment is monumentally bungled, perhaps as no series ever before on TV (SF fantasy or not). It's hard to realize, but this is supposed to be the program's idea: planet Earth died out ages ago, and its varied cultures and flora/fauna survive under token circumstances within scores of separated domes (a la **SILENT RUNNING**) aboard a miles-long spaceship, the Ark. Long ago the Ark was set on a computerized course to look for some other System harbor-

ing an Earth-like world, but you wouldn't know it as each week's "adventures" finds Kat and company touring the ship's labyrinthine sections—otherwise known as **Mad Squad In Outer Space**... except that **Mad Squad** was sometimes good. It's not worth the paper and ink to outline the various stories. The show's a victim of gross incompetence from every angle.

Now, why did it all have to turn out this way? For the answer, let's point out a few remarks made by Hattie Elison, who originally thought up the whole series but is billed as "Cordwainer Bird" to be relieved of any direct blame. According to an interview Elison had with FM station WBAI (N.Y.), the series was originally planned as an 8-part mini-series with 20th Century-Fox and NBC in London. Things quickly began getting out of control, and before long it was sold to CTV (Toronto, Canada), instead of professional SF writers, "they called in a job writer" to oversee all scripting, etc. and hired a production staff "who knew absolutely nothing" about the genre.

Elison says, "Virtually everybody was a ditherhead... everyone had a flapper in the pie." And as more of the went on, "everything started getting waaaaa down. Finally, I just walked off the set and ordered that they take my name off, using only my pseudonym, Cordwainer Bird... Every week it gets dumber and dumber... Atrocious stupidity and it is."

Elison revealed that he had written one

of the episodes, but it was rewritten beyond recognition. When the producers realized that there'd be a possible mess, they called on Roddenberry to "save the show," and offered him \$100. He declined, seeing absurd failure up ahead. Elison states that when CTV's staff asked whom could Roddenberry recommend, his answer was, "Hattie Elison was the perfect guy, but you screwed him!"

When he reviewed the U.F.O. space opera series last year, TV Guide's own Cleveland Amory wryly commented: "Have you ever thought, one character who is the premise episode here, 'about the victims of UFO incidents—these loved ones, brothers, sisters?' Frankly, we never had, but now, having been a victim of this show, we see no reason to confine our thoughts to loved ones, brothers and sisters. There's trouble enough here for total strangers."

Recently, I've gone back to watching UFO in syndication, catching up on the many episodes previously avoided. Next to **STARLOST** the show's a classic. Watch it, Mr. Amory!

—CTB

SCREAM, PRETTY FEGGY (90 min. with commercials—ABC-TV). The author and director of **PSYCHO**, Miam. Robert Bloch and Alfred Hitchcock, could see, not on grounds of plagiarism but for the defilement of a classic. A fine cut, headed by Bette Davis, is absolutely wasted in this stupid and lethargically directed **PSYCHO**-esque. What little Bette does is done from a bad as she plays a consulting nurse to Ted Beaulieu, who, in all fairness, is quite good in spite of the lousy-capped production and belying all those years spent as cornball comedy foil for Merle Truitt. **THAT GIRL**. Story is about allegedly mad sisters locked up in a separate cottage on the old estate. But as the growing violence is beginning to look like it'll get to be entertaining, it's not a mad woman on the loose—the screw existed except in Ted's head, and until now he's acted fairly normal until he's caught peering on cosmetics and dressed in drag... which is almost enough to bring back to the Queen For A Day. They drag him away while he patters and utters, probably hoping they'll remove **THAT GIRL**.

THE ADDAMS FAMILY FUN HOUSE





WORLD OF DISNEY: Happy Fifty Years (ABC-TV—60 min. with commercials). 50th Anniversary collage consisting of short excerpts, beginning with the "Alice in Cartoonland" film (1926) and wrapping up one hour later with a terrific surprise: four minutes from the **JOHN HOOD** feature, since completed and in its release, containing these characters: animation and concept: animals play additional Robin Hood characters, and *Aladdin* plays the opening as a country blues old-rooster. Other excerpts: *Fantasia*, *1000 Leagues Under the Sea*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Pinocchio*, *Lady and the Tramp*, *King of the South*, *Mary Poppins*, *The Mickey Mouse Club*, *Steamboat Willie* and *Snow White*. Catch the re-run of this highly recommended 50th anniversary hour.

THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER (90 min. with commercials—Paramount/ABC-TV—1973). Remnant of B-Budgets ground out for years back in pre-made-for-TV days, not at all this is a very nice writer—TV is today's neighborhood—and B-film movie theater. Last plot about Shelley Weinstock heading up a band, Calif. group of devil worshippers. All, forgettable tale, mainly interesting for presence of Weinstock, Joseph Cotton, and... whatever happened to Robert Cornthwaite, the Russ-like Dr. of *THE THING*? He's here too. Now, why is this like old B-movie days? Because Jonathan Find is an unimportant role as a brother just like the days when Lagan's brother began falling

MAD, MAD MONSTERS (60 min. with commercials—ABC-TV). Excellent parody of *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* by Arthur Rankin and Jules Bass. Script by William Keenan (Grand, for Arthur Rankin) and Lou Silverstein his many funny bits. Animation by Steve Nakagawa and Masu Sadoshi looks like somebody said, "Make it look like Paul Cohen." Good caricature of Karlhoff as Baron Von Frankenstein with accompanying vocal impression. Also featured: the Invisible Man, the Gill Creature (of Black Lagoon fame), Dracula, Kong, and Igor. There's even a hotel clerk based on characters after Frank Nelson. Story concerns the Baron's plans for a wedding at the Transylvania Arizona. Coming soon from Rankin-Bass: **LORD OF THE RINGS** by J.R.R. Tolkien. But don't hold your breath. As Willy Wood says, "Tolkien should never be animated. It was meant to be read."

GET HAPPY (60 min.—NBC-TV). The songs of Harold Arlen put into a fantasy theme-work opening & low scenes are a rehearsal. Jack Lorenson blacks out and follows a Yellow Brick Road as transmission switches to color. Finally, at the end of the journey, there's Arlen himself, sitting a piano singing his really big one, "Some Where Over the Rainbow," then, back to black. Too much uncertainty and content. We liked the Lennon how on Gershwin with its single set and his his much much better. Now, how about Rogers and Hart?

THE BEST AND THE WORST FILMS OF THE YEAR

The entire CoF staff thought it was going to be one of those easy short-and-sweet conferences to select the Best and Worst of the year. It wasn't! Fortunately, it was on a Saturday night. And after hours of debating and calling out for pizza and coffee twice, dawn was about ready to break, but the decisions were made. All the final ballots were tallied, and the results are below.

THE BEST

THE EXORCIST (dir. William Friedkin).
SOYLENT GREEN (dir. Richard Fleischer).
THE LONG GOODBYE (dir. Robert Altman).
IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS (NBC-TV).
THE BORROWERS (NBC-TV).
SLEEPER (dir. Woody Allen).
FRANKENSTEIN (dir. Jack Smight; NBC-TV).
JONATHAN (dir. Hans Gerschlager).
PRIVATE PARTS (dir. Paul Mazursky).
THE HOMECOMING (dir. Peter Hall).

Honorable Mention

THEATRE OF BLOOD (dir. Douglas Hickox).
OR, Jekyll & Mr. Hyde (NBC-TV).
THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE (John Hough).
PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (ABC-TV).
HEAVY TRAFFIC (dir. Ralph Bakshi).
A COLD NIGHT'S DEATH (ABC-TV).
THE LAST OF SHEILA (dir. Herbert Ross).

ROBIN HOOD (dir. Wolfgang Petherman).
BATTLE OF THE PLANET OF THE APES
(dir. J. Lee Thompson).
WESTWORLD (dir. Michael Crichton).

WORST

LOST HORIZON
SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN (TV)
STICKS AND BONES (TV)
THE CLONE
LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT



SF FILMS NEWS

Diplomat Pictures is releasing a horror
sate, **THE WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON**,
about a reporter on assignment in Budapest
who's bitten by a werewolf and later returns
to Washington and it becomes press aid to the
President. As the plot thickens, he bites and
kills several people on the President's list of
"enemies." It stars Dean (Dennrich Hornbe)
Stockwell, Jeff McGraw, the late Michael
Doran, and is directed by Milton M. Can-
berg.

Shooting now completed on Herman (How
to Make a Monster), Black Museum, Black Zoo,
Troop Cohen's latest, **CRAZE**, starring Jack
Palace as an on-the-edge madman; with Diana
Dorn, Julie Ege, Edith Evans, Hugh Griffith
and Trevor Howard. Freddie Francis (Dr. Ter-
ror's House of Horrors, Evil of Frankenstein,
Tales from the Crypt) directed from a screen-
play by Abel Kandel and Herman Cohen.
CRAZE marks at least Palace's 4th venture
into the genre, having appeared with Peter
Cushing in *Tormentor Garden*, as Dr. Jekyll and
Mr. Hyde in the 1966 ABC TV special, and in
the title role as Don Curtis' recently comple-
ted 2-hour CBS-TV version of **DRACULA**.

HARRYHAUSEN Dept.

Ray Harryhausen's latest special effects
treat (and first film after nearly four years),
THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD, is
now all set for mid- to late February release,
after several technical problems yanked it
off its originally scheduled Xmas-time debut.
Other areas of the country won't be playing
it until March till sometime in spring. Col-
umbia Pictures will give it the greatest amount
of promotion any Harryhausen film has received
since **THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD**. As part
of the promotional package, Ray Harry-
hausen and producer Charles Schoen are
scheduled to tour the country, as if you live
in a large metropolitan area be sure and
check your local newspaper for their specific
appearances. To date, there is no definite
decision whether Mitos Routs' score will be
released as a soundtrack album. As most
SF/Film fans will recall, Routs was also
responsible for the now-classic score for the
1939 **The Thief of Baghdad**. Filming for
GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD took place
mainly in Spain, utilizing Harryhausen's new
special effects process, *Dynamara*.

Isaac Asimov's novel, **THE CAVES OF
STEEL**, has been purchased by Columbia
Pictures for filming by producer Gerald
Aynes. First published in 1954, the novel is
the story of a New York detective and his

CoF's capsule summary of the world of horror-fantasy and science-fiction motion pictures. . here and abroad

robot partner investigating a murder, Colum-
bia says that it will be the first of "the many
Asimov books ever to be filmed."

Comedic genius Mel Brooks, who recent-
ly completed directing **BLACK BART**, will
soon finish directing a horror spoof for 20th
Century. The film, **YOUNG FRANKEN-
STEIN** (from a Gene Wilder script) stars
Peter Boyle as the Monster, Marty Feldman
as "Iggy," with Wilder in the title role.

Amicus Productions' **THE
BEAST MUST DIE**, nearing completion. . .
Title Change: **Jack The Ripper Goes West**
(starring Jack Palance) is now **A KNIFE FOR
THE LADIES**. . . Amicus' **Taken From Be-
yond the Grave** has been altered to **FROM
BEYOND THE GRAVE**.

George Lucas, director of **THX-1138** as a
graduate film student, will be investing much
of the profits from his first "recognized"
film, **AMERICAN GRAFFITI** (a tremendous
critical and financial success), into his next
project, as is yet untitled space epic. . .



Vincent Price makes a guest appearance on
Helen Hayes' new TV series **THE SNOOP
SISTERS**. More than 35 years ago, Price got
his acting break appearing opposite Miss
Hayes in *Victoria Regina* on the London
stage, before the play moved with its stars
to equally brilliant success in New York the
following season.

A rumor picked up recently has it that
Blackcock's **PSYCHO** was originally filmed
in color!! As the story goes, an advance
screening of the film to the public proved so
terrifying that the powers-that-be decided
to release it in black & white. Allegedly,
Hitch has been asked whether the film was
shot in color when granting interviews, but
has always avoided comment, probably be-
cause he has accepted praise all those years
for shooting it in black & white. Anyone
who knows more about this or can confirm
this rumor is urged to write to me: George
Storer, Box 10065, Baltimore, Md. 21206,
so that we may try and unearth the truth on
this matter.

Of special interest to all Amateur Film
Makers.

If your film contains special effects, such
as stop motion photography, or utilizes un-
usual make-up techniques, then get it touch
with CINEMAGIC magazine. Each issue of
this periodical features a column on Amateur
movie making activity taking place around

the country, portions of it are also devoted
to amateur and semi-pro SF/fantasy films and
filmmakers. Sample copy is \$1, see CINEMA-
GIC, P.O. Box 125, Perry Hall, Md. 21128.

Latest word on Prentice Hall's **THE
KING KONG BOOK** is that it's been post-
poned indefinitely (as also this issue's *Let-
ter col*) for more on this and related prob-
lems. It seems that RKO was demanding too
much money for the use of their King Kong.
RKO seems very protective of its star gail-
and even demanded (and received) \$550
per frame blow-up for each of the "em-
sored" scenes used in the Sept. 1971 issue of
Esquire magazine. Authors Harry Gold
and Ronald Guttman are considering nego-
tiations with another publisher.

Made over two years ago, the long del-
ayed and now adaptation of "Dr. Jekyll
and Mr. Hyde," entitled **J. MONSTER**, is
now in general, though still sporadic, release
around the U.S. It was produced by An-
nicus, directed by Stephen Weeks, and stars
Chris Lee as the good Dr. J. & McIl, with
Peter Cushing and Michael Raven.

What ever happened to **BLACKENSTEIN**
and other similar projects? Inside info, direct
to the CoF hot-line, reports that Hollywood
is more excited about kung fu films these days
and that they're bigger money-makers, with
even greater appeal to black and non-black
audiences. Also, many black-oriented films
haven't been doing well lately. Many Blacks
were starting to desert, with good reason,
images of themselves as underachievers, crim-
inals, etc. Word passed on by all leading and
responsible Black organizations was to "Boy-
cott" such movies. Apparently it has worked,
while films like **SOUNDER** and **LADY SINGS
THE BLUES** will be the future trend.

Already more than 35 kung fu have been
distributed to theaters, with *Sifera* (15) new
releases now out and due shortly. . . . Ian Cam-
eron's novel, "The Lost Ones," has turned
into Walt Disney Production's most expen-
sive film, titled for release as **ISLAND AT
THE TOP OF THE WORLD**, its cost may be
even more than \$8 million by the time
it goes into theatres.

Curtis Harrington, director of that
great little classic *Night Tide*, and the un-
forgettable *What's the Matter With Helen?*
(not to mention *Who Killed Auntie Roxy?*),
has completed **THE KILLING KIND**, a truly
wild ride starring Ann Sothern and John
Savage.

Fate of Caroline Munro, this issue's CoF
Skyraider and starring in **GOLDEN VOYAGE
OF SINBAD**, can soon even start of this
sensational beauty in Hammer's **KRONOS**.
The film sounds highly intriguing—i.e.'s about
Captain Kronos, former soldier of fortune,
who is dedicated to destroy evil-demons and
finds eventually his work out for him on
discovering a vampire cult in the back coun-
try of late-18th century Germany. Produced
by Brian Clemens and Albert Fennell (and
scripted and directed by Clemens), it's ap-
parently worthy of attention—In case you for-
got, both men were responsible for the ap-
pealed **THE AVENGERS** on TV.

Vampire bats spook Jackie Cooper, Alex
Cord, Richard Jaeckel, etc. in weird Mexican
cores, the locale for **CHOSEN SURVIVORS**

... Planned for release by renowned Z-budget filmmaker Ted V. Mikels (*The Astro-Zombies*, *The Undertaker* and *His Peko*). **AFTER SHOCK**—and we pray it's not after-shock that sets in after viewing the film. Story's set in the year 2000 when the world's rocked by earthquakes, leading to strange disconnections along California's isolated coastline. Sounds like an upturn in Mikels' career.

SUMMERTIME KILLER (starring Olivia Hussey, Karl Malden). **THE MUMMY'S REVENGE**, **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** (loosely based on the Verne novel and ideas from H.G. Wells, starring Omar Sharif), and **ROOBY CEREMONY** are some new offerings coming from Cinepresa, a new Spanish production organization.

WELCOME TO ARROW BEACH, directed by the late Laurence Harvey, still appears to be in distribution limbo. It was filmed in Santa Barbara, Calif., area, starring Mi and Mrs. Susan Davis Jr. The action's full of suspenseful gun-batle scenes, shot on ice and carnivals.

ABC TV will continue leading next season with made-for-TV horror-suspense, including its line-up: **SATAN'S CHOCOLATE FOR GIRLS**, **DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK**, and **DYING ROOM ONLY**.

Serious, fantasy and sci-fi are detailed in director Robert "Triber" Fanta's nearly-finished **THE FINAL PROGRAMME**, based on a novel by noted SF writer author Michael Moorcock, and will star Jon Finch and Jenny Ransome.

And Others, Such as . . .

DEATHLINE (which wowed audiences and publishers in England's 3rd greatest box-office grosser last year), stars David Prowse, with Chris Lee. It's a slick black comedy about a plague-carrying lunatic, rats, etc. . . .

Mardian youngsters make trouble and have a deal with the Devil to help them kill off grown-ups and take over the world in **THE WEDNESDAY CHILDREN**. . . A documentary exposing fraud and revealing honest occult practices, titled **VOODOO**, coming from Cinema One. . .

FLUMED SERPENT, scripted by Nigel Kneale (who created all of the "Quatermass" series, e.g. *The Creeping Unknown*, *5 Million Years to Earth*). . . **DOCTOR DEATH**, starring Robert "Yorgo" Quarry, Peter Cushing and Vincent Price based on Angus Hall's novel, "Devil Day". Film title may also be changed to **THE REVENGE OF DOCTOR DEATH**. . . From Lantz International, **LISA AND THE DEVIL**, starring Lucienne Blier, Suzanne, Alida Vail, Telly "Hefoid" Swales and Sylvia Koscina. . . **HOUSE ON SKULL MOUNTAIN**, created by, of all things, Chocolate Chip Food, and marches in from location in Atlanta, Ga. . . From Spine: **WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO SOLANGE** and **ALL THE COLORS OF DARKNESS**. . . And Ross "Wild, Wild West" Martin is the Devil who shanks a group of adults down to kidnap in **THE WORLD THROUGH THE EYES OF CHILDREN**, starring Dan Dailey, Nancy Kulp and Renee Rodgers.

And one other ABC-TV entry to watch next season, **ISN'T IT SHOCKING**, about a rude sheriff who investigates the regularly macabre events in a number of awful deaths.

— George Stover and Bruce Gostdorf



BOOKS And MAGS OF INTEREST

"The Normal Lovecraft" (\$7.50 in heavy paper binding; \$12.00, special bound edition).

"The Fire-Fire and the Raven" (\$7.50 in heavy paper), by Charles Gerdette & E. "Pos." Golgotha: A Phantom" (\$2.00 in heavy paper), by Charles D. Gerdette.

"Gothiques and Fantasmes" (\$7.50 in heavy paper), by C.A. Smith.

Available from: Gerry de la Rec, T Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, N.J. 07438.

Anyone interested in collector's items should grab on to the above limited editions (average price run: 450 to 600 copies). All are heavily decorated and illustrated by Virgil Finlay and other fine artists. But, what all have in common is the unique **NORMAL LOVECRAFT** is all about the human, personal side of the noted SF writer, including personal reminiscences and revelations by Willard B. Talman, one of the few remaining survivors of the original "Lovecraft Circle" and close friend of HPL. L. Sprague de Camp adds his own memories and special Lovecraftisms. The book concludes with "united" extracts from letters by Sonia Greene, HPL's wife. It's a beautiful trip through rare and exotic nostalgia, and a "must" for collectors and scholars.



Equally important to fan and scholar alike is Gerdette's **FIRE-FIRE AND THE RAVEN**, containing Poe's famed poem (for comparative reasons), but mostly all about Gerdette who, in the late 1850's, perpetrated one of history's greatest literary hoaxes by passing off and publishing a "lost Poe" everyone believed in. Except — it was by Gerdette, included in a facsimile of the book's entire history (first printed in 1964) which contains thousands of words describing everything and furnishing valuable information about Poe and the world he lived in. And, of course, the hoax ran its course.

GOLGOTHA, also by Gerdette, is a fitting companion to the above (illustrated by Finlay and others). This hitherto unknown poet's talented obscures over Poe is pleasantly apparent.

Of all the early pulp SF fanzines, perhaps only *Clark Ashton Smith*, and one or two others, are permitted to stand in the same pantheon dominated by *HPL*. But few seem to know of this master's pen and ink talent. In this first collection of *CAS* art, *GROTESQUES* & *FANTASTIQUES* includes 48 rare world drawings and 16 previously unpublished poems. Also contained is an informative tribute to *CAS* by editor-philologist de la Rec, with many extracts from *CAS*' personal correspondence.

Gerry de la Rec, by the way, happens to be one of the world's most noted, and dedicated, SF/fantasy collectors and a highly respected dealer. Other unusual rarities will be forthcoming

from him, including (by the time this appears) *Klarkash-on* & *Monroe Ligne* (\$4), a collection of more unpublished *CAS* and some Finlay material.

"The Crystal Man," by Edward Page Mitchell (Doubleday, \$7.95). Edited and collected by Sam Moskowitz.

WEIRD TALES' editor, Sam Moskowitz (see *CoP* no. 26 for detailed review), is without doubt among the very few outstanding SF/fantasy antiquaries, scholar-historians of our time. Weeding through ancient old newspaper files, he was able to discover over 100 previously published, but as yet, book form) stories by an unacknowledged and unknown master of the genre, Edward Page Mitchell. Editor Sam's scholarship is especially amazing since Mitchell's stories appeared anonymously, written mostly in the 1870's and early 1880's during his more than 30-year tenure as editor under Charles A. Dana and Francis A. Mearns's New York daily, "The Sun." Apart from several fine weird-horror tales, the stories provide perhaps the world's most important link to modern science fiction and, thus, make this one of most invaluable and monumental books ever to appear in the genre!

Containing 36 short stories and novellas, Sam's 30-page introductory essay alone is worth the price, telling all about Mitchell's career, and some juicy, colorful insight into the publishing world of that day, plus fascinating cross-references and information pertaining to 19th century SF/fantasy activity.

And why was Mitchell so important? Because he appears to have been "first" with practically every major sci-fi concept which was regarded as "modern" only in the last 25 odd years. Mitchell is, on the last page of Sam's brilliant intro) starts:

"The 'Missing Link' in the history of American science fiction (to last) . . . has been discovered. . . possibly a major influence on H.G. Wells, whom he anticipated."

Sam indicates that Mitchell's "first" tale is: . . . "The earliest known story utilizing a theory suitable for later-than-light travel, in 1874. . . a new machine story in 1881, seven years before H.G. Wells (wrote his) in 1888. . . (about) a neo-electronic thinking computer function in a human head. . . in 1879. There is no previous story on record of the creation of an invisible man through scientific means than (Mitchell's) in 1881," seven years before Wells! In 1885 he was probably the initial author to employ the story idea of a child born a mental mutant, capable of instinctively inventing a new device to order."

Mitchell's other "firsts" are positively amazing, in view of how "young" sci-fi is considered to be. But history fans may not be very compelling if the writer is a bore. Mitchell definitely is a pleasure to read and, in Sam puts it, "The man was a stylist and had a delightful sense of humor."

If Mitchell remained to this day to totally undiscovered, how, then, could his anonymously printed tales influence so many? As Sam points out the answer, unadmitted plagiarism was possible at that time since there were no international copyright laws; and, "The Sun" had the largest international circulation, thus made more widely than any newspaper in the entire world.

All of the foregoing information about Mitchell and his train comes from just a small portion of Sam's first two pages of introduction. You'll have to buy the book to find out more—much more than \$7.95 can get you nearly anywhere today.

The Crystal Man is a definite milestone and has to be one of the most important SF/fantasy achievements ever to appear between hard covers. It will be a long time before another book of this caliber arrives—and, indeed, it will be amusing when it does happen.



All for now. Please let me know anything you feel about this desc. and its continuation. —CTB.



(Continued from page 5)

then, I'd already seen the film months earlier. Why aren't there interviews with Cushing, Price, even Gurney, Lee—CHRIS LEE? (Unlike one of last year's readers, I know that I'm in love with him, and more is possible, appreciations—Boris Karloff will be dead five years in February, and a memorial would be most fitting.)

I am in complete agreement with your editorial on censorship of horror films. I further agree that Clio is the worst offender. After witnessing the wholesale butchering of DRACULA, RHINO, OF DARKNESS, I did write an angry letter to the local station voicing that unless the wartime censorship ended, I'd spend my time with Lovecraft, Poe or Stoker, or, if I needed beyond endurance, with Johnny Carson. If all I wanted to see were explained double-takes like those motivationless sequences in what were once classic AIP and Hammer films—before being hacked to death. I really don't know how much good my letter to the station did. I received a reply, a form letter, thanking me for my comments and promising to consider them in the future. But when one letter failed, perhaps hundreds will triumph as everyone should write by all means.

Keep up the good work—perhaps a bit more often and regularly, but keep it up! Mr. Arlene Butts, 3811 Main St., Stratford, Connecticut.

I edit you, Arlene, for your anti-censorship bias. But your remarks on CoF made me go below to my dungeons and send a couple thousand extra volts into the Monitor to make him stronger. Perhaps CoF hasn't had every interview with the Hare recently, but what about the one with Douglas Fairbank and our two-part fight with Harryhausen in nos. 18 and 19? And Don Siegel in this issue?

Without such men would SFFativity flounder and actors be? As for anonymity dated reviews, only newspapers or websites come out about the time of new releases, it's virtually impossible even for monthlies. But many "new" films that may, for example, appear in one section of the country are still current even three to six months later—except for top exploitation blockbusters like POSSEIDON ADVENTURE. Most new films are only released regionally in roadshow fashion. Once a film plays out in a certain area, it moves on to another region. Often this is deliberate—most companies won't strike up more than 50 to 150 copies (sometimes as few as 20 or 30) to rent its buzzword power. If a film does unusually well in all bookings, or gets additional exploitation money, then they'll print up 500 to 1,500 copies and advertise the whole country. But in today's anti-quail market, there are no foul and

straight rules, and popular films may play for six months or more in scattered runs, such as WESTWORLD. If first opened around early September on the West Coast and several Midwest areas, and only began appearing in the NYC area in late November, and will still be in first runs another two months, before it begins playing out in late winter and early spring (not counting 2nd, 3rd run and renewed bookings). Today such a situation is almost the rule for a good majority of releases. Others, unfortunately, seem to disappear overnight, only to appear three days within 8 to 16 months later, censored and reworked for TV.

And because most films eventually will appear on TV, that's what makes CoF reviews eternally timely, apart from being more or less for those who've seen a film and wish to reminisce. CoF reviews, too, and also intended to explore certain conspicuous fears that may have been minimized, ignored or overlooked by many of the so-called Establishment "critics"... and also comfort winners A to Z and are good for your health.

TV Censorship is more undid than it seems on the surface. Less than two years ago that roll long before Watergate hearings! Sen. Sam Erwin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights awarded the following facts on TV Censorship, prepared by a division of the Writers Guild of America (WGA):

"86% of Guild members know that censorship on TV exists from personal experience. . . . Many have never written a (TV) script, no matter how innocent, that hasn't been censored."

"81% believe that TV is presenting a distorted picture of what is happening to this country—politically, economically and racially. We are terrified because 75 million people are being fed programs daily with so much violence to racism—someone whose only purpose is to tell snake-oil, lies and undermine democracy."

"... The writer has no freedom to deviate from the official line in any TV series. Take the medical shows at a guess: M.A.S.H., ER, MEDICAL CENTER, etc. Anybody watching these programs must necessarily believe the following about America medicine:

"No patient is ever denied a hospital bed or required to wait until care is available. No doctor ever kills a patient, no one ever has to go on charity or do without care. About every doctor cares about every patient—it's only the patient who has. Occasionally someone dies, but not out of the medical profession's inability to care him."

The Guild's report to Ervin's Senate Sub-

committee also qualified the emphasis as well as misrepresentation of nearly all programs (including THE F.B.I.) (judging TV for not only failing miserably to achieve higher standards of excellence but for not including "... art or music or literature in its gaudy chase after what it considers entertainment.")

The Report finally concluded with "We'd disagree with a second that American television supports CIVILIZATION. THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII and THE PURSYTHE SAGA, while it exports THE BEVERLY HILLSBILLIES, GREEN ACRES and GILLIGAN'S ISLAND."

There's no doubt that the TV industry has grown into a greedy monster. It's now one of the nation's wealthiest industries, but its personnel are notoriously underpaid but, in many instances, terribly overworked. And its main concern is not in quality programming but the above Report states: but in selling commercial time—from 11 to 24 minutes per hour in most instances!

No sooner said than done. An interview with Peter Cushing is already in our hands and should appear in the next or at the latest, the 22nd edition of CoF. How's that for service?—CTB

PAGING SERGIO

Dear CoF:—Sergio we have another Lester Bouillon in Sergio Fernandez. I don't want to intrude on his right to be offended, but (aka, there's gotta be better ways to get off-handed. I mean, the human body isn't supposed to offend people unless you're an alien, in which case you'd either laugh your brains off or throw up at the sight of the human body.

I see no reason why you can't cover comics, film, books and TV tentacle, especially since you'll be coming out more frequently (I hope). And there's no reason why you or someone else can't cut this. This, P.F., Superman and Shazam to ribbon, and all the other comics fan, unbridled readers.

As for Luke Cage—I can't see how a violent black man who is a mercenary (usually a semi-supervillain) get along with his always only can be very complimentary to anybody. It's like the old Paleolithic concept, the "good" necessarily will accept only "just" causes. Even in an unsavory medium like comics, it just doesn't work. Perhaps a detective would have been better.

Now a little something for the CoF readers' gallery. I'm very interested in contacting fellow SFFativity fans. My own personal interests include writing, collecting and watching the genre.

Genet Housner, 25-23 48th St., Long Island City, New York 11103.

—Unhappily busy as conditions are in the Comics field, they overlap importantly upon *Saturday Night*. So, The Com at Council is now restored to CoP. As we're now doing our damnedest to appear less frequently, other features, departments and improvements will be evident—clear across the board.—CTB

FILMIC EXISTENTIALISM

Dear Cal:
I recently saw a movie called *RAW MEAT* with Edward G. Robinson and Celia Lane, and it surely has to be a record of some kind. Please write a more repulsive, sick, mad, degenerate, decadent, repulsive (etc.) review in my file.

I love it.
If you haven't picked up on this little gem yet, I advise you to do so. You may just throw up all over the person sitting in front of you. How about it, CTB?—He's been a full-length article on this topic, and on the last star, Hugh Armstrong, who is excellent as the ghost.
Jack Guerin, 1540 Bismark Blvd., Mississauga, Ont., Canada.

—Sounds a lot like *THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT*—except it had lots more meat, super-market philosophy and nothing else. Meaning that for the movie culture fix, Jack CoP's pastiche stuff well and truly did over each other slaking out to one it.—CTB

G & A

Dear Cal:
In CoP no. 20 you featured a story on *GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE*. What I'd like to know is if that film was supposed to be on television or in theaters and drive-ins?

Your mag is great! Really great!
M.M., 2503 Melford Dr., Toledo, D. 43614

—Actually, *GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE* as far as I've appeared on radio. Well, what sort of answer does anyone using only their mouth expect? Seriously, though—the film has only lately begun a series of engagements in a few areas. Keep your eyes peeled for newspaper ads and announcements. Or you can wait in the White House—they have more about horror than anyone else. Don't be disappointed if they prefer not to answer.—CTB

THE BEST

Dear Cal:
This is my final letter to CoP, and I'd like you to know that I consider it to be the best in the field. The entire mag has a glossy "top look," more like *Playboy* or *Time* than one of the so-called "horror" books I hate the term myself).

I most emphatically agree that you should discuss world events—"horror" commentary—as one of your readers comprehensively described it. After all, we're all in the same boat, and only the most unending or stupid could be expected to ignore what's afooting about them—and the Watergate Trials certainly rated as the greatest horror show on the air.

I know that you and your staff might be interested in the attached Page that appeared recently. (Place
Peter Cravitz, 515 E. Price Street, London, N.J. 07036.

—All of us also mourn the untimely death of the marvelous and great Billy Kelly, who passed away last October, aged 60. Kelly's Page was a joyful result of establishment corruption and hypocrisy, and awfully terrified when you took and set his Kelly Nix on or Archie Bunker. Did you know that while *Spino Agnew* was still riding high as V.P., and Kelly passed him in as one of the principal Page characters (I think that was about two years ago), horror papers were afraid of White House censure and actually censored the strip entirely where the Agnew-like character appeared? Times have changed, haven't they—except that things seem to be also getting worse!—CTB



"GIVE ME 20 BUCKS WORTH OF DIMES! AND—HURRY!"

BLACK MAGIC INFO

Dear CoP:
I'm wondering if you could provide me with some information on the practice of black magic. I've looked for books but couldn't seem to find them. I hope you can assist me.
Tony Saurah, 8920 E. Kaslois, Oak Lawn, IL 60452.

—Many courses regurgitating info from us about sources for the study of Black Magic and the occult (as if we haven't enough on our hands keeping up with our regular departments). So, for the moment, as lieu of a practicing resident CoP worker, let me refer you to:
Samuel Weiser, 734 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003

Besides being in business more than 40 years, he has one of the world's largest selections of books in the genre. His mail store is open until 8:30 daily (except Sat.), or he'll mail a catalog upon request. Free of charge. (See Sat. he closes 3 pm sharp.)

COMICS ON PARADE

Dear Cal:
It's rather ironic that I turned on to CoP with issue no. 12 because of the Stan Lee interview, and now this comic book animation is almost gone. What puzzles me is that you don't seem to realize that comic books of the 1966-67 season (when CoP first began reviewing and praising them so highly) weren't all that good. Yes, there was *Star Trek*, and yes Lee and Kirby were great, etc. But it is highly subjective to assert that stories and formats were better then than now. Also, the Code was being more strictly applied back then. Many, many new writers and artists have since come to the genre, some from fandom, but the people behind the comics are the same men who were around in CoP no. 12 days, although some have shifted positions. The argument that "comic book publishers are stultified and set in their ways" was even true (with some exceptions) in that period.

But if you, like a few others, are waiting for color "establishment" comics to die, and if you think better work is being done by "underground" comics and the future is in them, why not convert CoP's critics reviews to caricatures on them?

The *Headsister* Man? No kidding, just stated was responsible for a unique experience, I first saw the film over an Alabama station while living in northwest Florida and going to college. There is a scene, you will recall, where the hero is about to take photos of the heroine, just before the *Headsister* man is about to take one of them away. Most TV versions cut that out when the "photos are about to be taken, to where she's putting on her clothes and the *Headsister* man is arriving. Well, this version was unapologetic: there were at least three seconds or more of full frontal nudity!

Now that is itself was unique, but here's the kicker: the film shows a not late at night but early Sunday afternoon!

P.S.—I trust Robert Schaeffer has forgiven CBS now that they've shown "Sticks and Bones."
A. Wayne Sedler, 332 East Adams St., Jacksonville, Fla. 32202.

—Now that they've helped enlighten mankind with the latest revelation in horror movie scenes, let's descend to other dimensions—the comics.

If you examine CoP no. 12's special *Comic Book Council* section—doing it with care—you'll note that of the 58 comics that were rated by ten different reviewers, more than 300 didn't receive very favorable ratings, and not all of those ratings were outrageous about every title. Those that got the highest possible rating (3 to 4 stars) by a majority of the judges numbered less than 7 (seven!) titles, starting with the one getting the highest top votes:

Wonder Working
and running through *Best of Donald Duck*, *Fantastic Four* 45 (no. 66 didn't quite qualify), *Flash Gordon* 4, *Madrox* 5, *Play With Your Cats* (an underground one-shot),

Among those getting the lowest ratings:
Avenger, *Batman*, *Detective*, *Tales of Suspense* 32, *X-Men* 35.

So, as you can see, we never really completely flipped over *Establishment* comics, even when we started paying a little attention to comics 2 or 3 years prior to CoP no. 12. Admittedly, we inclined heavily in favor of Lee's *MARVEL* Group, mainly because their only big rival, DC, was producing cyberpunk, and Lee's stuff showed possibilities of even higher potential. The first several years have witnessed what's happened to most of that potential. As for *Underground* Comics, our original enthusiasm for them had been wearing lately, despite that they yet offer the graphic field's highest hopes. But, nevertheless, now exists a tremendous influence and doesn't always produce excellence. Comics that can't pay well often end up with the least satisfactory material, usually of an exasperatingly self-indulgent, pseudo-experimental nature, particularly grotesque, if not pathetic, are the ones penned by those attempting to convey "deeper meanings" that come from drug-mad minds. More on comics in general in our "Frankenstein At Large" file next, space permitting.—CTB

AND YET MORE ON COMICS

Dear Cal:
I just want to say among other things that CoP is the finest quality publication of its kind today. Not only is it intelligently written and well thought out, it also tells more in five pages than your competitors do.

cause of the script. The Shakespearean mood was at best obliterated by the campy-up style and absurdities. On the other hand, the comic touches very adequately softened the otherwise harsh effects of more gruesome scenes. All told, this has to be the best horror film since has had to date.
Slurp Room, Aug. 3, 6 Old Road, South Amboy, N.J. 08879.

—**THEATRE OF BLOOD** is one of Price's best in a very long time. But in all justice to a brilliant film career spanning over 15 years, some other outstanding Price roles spring to my mind, such as his portrayal of the tyrannical headmaster in early 19th century New York who gradually deteriorates from drug addiction, in **DRAGONWYCK**, as James Addison River, the true tale of an infamous fraud who lived owning an entire state, in **THE BARON OF ARIZONA**, as the madcap, eccentric soap company tycoon (and probably his greatest comedy role) in **CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR**. And, of course, so need to mention **HOUSE OF WAX**—CTB.

THE COLLECTOR

Dear Cal:

As the spiritual as well as material leader of the **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE** Movement, in order to start chapters from Cape Cod to Staten Island, I seek fans of such classics as the above. Also am on the hunt for trailers of such films, like **ROBOT MONSTER**, etc. if you have such and don't notify me. CoP's editor will put the Gravelly Curse on you!! Also want such rarities as the scissored drawing scene in **FRANKENSTEIN**, the spider off and bromine/slime change in **KONG**, Ang, and monster mask like **CERTIFICATE**, **Scream Chills**, **Monsieur & Thelma**, **Shoals**, **Gettysburg**, **Inch**, **Buena**, etc. Info needed on rare or overlooked (T) films like **NIGHT OF THE SHOGUN** (unavailable to **PLAN 9**), **VAMPIRE'S TOMB** (w. Lagotis), **THE ROCKET MAN**, etc. Also wanted, record rarities like Zachary's 3rd (and all others, but only in stereo), "T" T-shirt, **Faded Horror Movies**, soundtracks like the "Time Machine" theme, and many more.

I'm now planning and preparing a new feature, covering films and other spantasy topics, called "Inside Fantom." Watch for it.
Don "Plan 9" Feinman, 67-41 Kissena Blvd., Flushing, N.Y. 11367.

—Modern Don "Plan 9" Feinman forgot to mention that he's the winner of the very rare and coveted **ROBOT MONSTER** Bubble Machine Award, so far given out only once in all these years... given to Don, that is!—CTB.

And... that's almost, though not quite, all there's to say for this issue. Glance over, however, on to the next page for Vincent Van Ghoul's mind boggling **COFANADICTS GALLERY**.

NEXT ISSUE

CoP meets and has a long, in-depth interview with **ROGER CORMAN**, the man who built the House of AIP. And...

A meet, intimate chat with **PETER CUSHING**.

As we did this time with Don Siegel and his incredible **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**. CoP rediscovers and analyzes another **Fifties** golden gem. **NOT OF THIS EARTH**—appropriately enough, a Roger Corman Do!

THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE gets a multiple analysis by several of the staff, along with a big, deep look over one of the genre's most exciting films in a decade, **THE EXORCIST**.

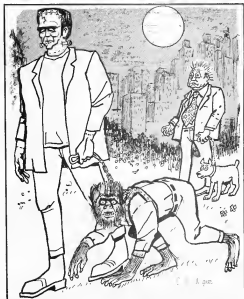
Our long-planned series of articles on **ALFRED HITCHCOCK** should have begun this issue, and may yet start with the next one, unless we run into another space problem.

Meanwhile—we're still keeping our **Telene Hunt** open for any possible contributions. Keep 'em rolling in. We'll give you a fast decision one way or another.—Peace

—Calvin T. Beck—



"Aw, come on sugar! I just go run for big, hairy fresh types like you!"





Vincent Van Ghoul, the Gothic Ghost.

The CoFaneDicts GALLERY

Hi, all of you out there again. 'Tis I, old Uncle Vincent Van Ghoul, your friendly Gallery Ghoul. Like I keep trying to remind all you CoFaneDicts, the GALLERY is free of charge to ALL! Unlike our money-hungry "monster" mag type competitors who put a premium on similar services or charge per word, we're real, genuine Dead-in-the-Ghoul fans just as most of you out there. Your day-by-day "ticket" is imagination.

Space limitations necessitate you keeping it short and sweet, in all fannish to others. And the only rule is that you must be a fan (pros, business and vampire-like dealers are unwelcome on these hallowed grounds). If listed name states no words or preferences, he/she is a SF/Fan with just general interests or pen-pals in mind.

So, keep 'em pouring in—we'll list all of you. Write to:

CoF Gallery — GOTHIC CASTLE
506 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10017.

- Robert Miller, 326 Choppee St., Chippewa, Mass. 01013.
- Max Miller, 326 Winchester St., Ocasit, Ind. 46733. Will pay up to 75¢ for 3 to 4 ft. Brian Palmer, 408 Westmonte Crossing, Haddon Heights, Pa. 08034, Route 1, Rapid City, S.D. 57701, CoFaneDicts Street magazine.
- John Riese, 34 McKinley Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. 06606.
- Bruce Linsky, 260 Collegeview St., Skokieville, Minneapolis.
- Edward Uffink, 1511 Freeman, Houston, Tex. 77069. Interested in horror films.

Bryon McPart, 1265 Santa Ynez Way, Santa, Calif. 95019, "adventurer" Sci-Fi/Fantasy magazines and Alan Kelly gals.

Tim Hoffman, 139 S. Hernandez, Arcadia, Fla. 32821, devoted fan of Frankenstein, the Wolf Man and Dracula.

John Mallon, 419 W. 47 St., New York, NY 10039, also UFO, STAR TREK, and wants info etc. on both.

Thomas V. Allen, Rt. 1, 644 Strait Creek, Ashland, Kentucky, buys and collects movie stills.

Karl Prosser, 7302 Garden, Houston, Tex. 77012, spot fx, animation info how to mass models etc. wanted.

Kerry Parks, 15 Charles St., Watertown, Mass. 02172, collects & buys from film dealers.

Robert Frideau, 26 Berry Lane, Hicksville, NY 11801.

Tim Curry, 411 Lowe St., Greenburg, Kentucky 42743.

Tim Miller, 217 Connolly St., West Lafayette, Ind. 47906.

Randy L. Shook, Rt. 2, Clayton, Ga. 30625. SF/CoF fan/meddler, catcalls, novel, comics and mag, etc. & wants to buy them.

L.G. & P. Calozza Jr., 181 Breunton Ave., Bloomfield, N.J. 07003, are CoFaneDicts fan excellent!

James Bohlen, 1322 So. 2nd St., Pekin, Ill. 61644.

Jeffrey Liffon, 293 Colonial Ave., Moorestown, N.J. 08057, wants scripts, stills and any memorabilia dealing with UNTOUCHABLES TV series. Please list items and prices.

Thomas M. Murdoch, 5713 N. Fairhill St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19120, wishes correspondence (preferably over 35) interested in Japanese SF/fantasy-movie films, primarily David's Gamera & Majin series.

Kenneth D. Duke Jr., Rt. 1, Gadsden, Alabama 35901, is a fan of & collect material on the PLANET OF THE APES series.

Frankie Thierman, 1882 Mt. Vernon Rd., Southington, Conn. 06488, will buy stills, posters etc., especially of Scarecrow, Kelly's Harem, City to Henry.

Georges R. Ryan, 32 William St., Patchogue, N.Y. 11761, devoted to spot fx films and the Herryhausen style.

Edward D. Collins, 38 Seventh Ave., Hempstead, N.Y. 11742, interested in STAR TREK.

James Crawford, 1235 So. Marlowe, Philadelphia, Pa. 19143, likes to draw and hopes to be another Frabasto some day.

James Varlen, Box 999, Palacios, Tex. 79468.

Nelson W. Black, 2122 Clinton Ave., Alameda, Calif. 94501.

Man Kue Hsu, 598 Jalan Yew, Kuala Lumpur, West Malaysia, wishes info, contacts, pen-pals and getting more involved in Spinnaker Pen.

Hugh Shelton, 25275 Hisslaw, Roswell, Md. 49063. Collects and loves CoF, and other genre mag, etc.

Marie Robinson, 4655 E. 149 St., Cleveland, Ohio 44128. Any and all info wanted on Peter Cushing, Chris Lee, Cameron Mitchell, Photos, club info, with wanted on these stars.

John Maxwell, 121 Glenview Blvd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M4G 2M7, Canada. Wants Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea and Outer Limits collection cards, specify price & order quantity.

American Peter Cushing Club, Miss Debbie Benoit, pres, 183 Plymouth Blvd., Smithtown, N.Y. 11787. S.e. provides full membership info, club quarterly (mag, 50 p.), including autographed photo, bio, program, etc., plus Cushing's official endorsement of club.

Peter Cassens, 1535 Alta Vista Dr., apt. 1029 Q, Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Wants to buy glossy B&W (or color) stills, especially Harryhausen, Mary & Howard, P.O. Box 167, Rockland, Mass. 02376. Best Lupul buff would be the contact with others of similar persuasion.

Alan Corbano, P.O. Box 324, San Antonio, Calif. 94909, loyal CoFaneDicts, has comic records, SF/fantasy stills, etc. for sale. Wants contact with fans of Texas like STAR DOGS, Goddard, Orange, Vanuara Lovers.

Oscar S. Catlett, Jr., 2328 Wayne Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45426, catcalls mag, etc.

Louis Allen Schneider, 23572 Wimbeldon Rd., Shaker Hts., Ohio.

Kelly Davis, 761 Union Dr., apt. D, Springdale, Ark. 72764. Loves Japanese monster SF/fantasy.

Rickard Reed, 1966 Northwind Dr., St. Louis, Mo. 63139, will trade photos and info from special effects movies.

Richard Liskin, 825 E. 34th St. (apt. 118), New York, NY 10009, is a devoted Star Trek and Swedish Helmer fan.

Miss Bonnie Calozza, 1288 Marlen Ave., Chester, Pa. 19013, CoFaneDicts lover.

In Closing . . .

Hearing the approaching sounds of home hovers and growling squeak of the hearse's carriage wheels nearing my mausoleum, I must take leave for my midnight rendezvous with Mr. Hyde—only a few days ago, he and I discussed this utterly delightful abandoned corpse. Splendid place for our secret meetings and "special" parties. But more on this another time.

A word of warning to you Galleys: nuts, meanwhile. If you haven't a typewriter, you must spell out at least your names and address. Some of your penmanship looks like The Mummy's ancient Egyptian curses, and my eyes are now more bloodshot than usual. God, almost as bad as deciphering Watergate tapes.

Till next time when we meet again by the sign of the CoF fan. . .

Vincent Van Ghoul

MONSTER SALE OF THE CENTURY!

Hundreds and hundreds of fine, beautiful & rare items—representing my entire collection of over fifteen (15) years accumulation—for sale! Since all this material was originally purchased privately out of pure love for SF/fantasy movies & things, I am not a dealer. Once it's all sold, that's it. Included in this vast collection: Still, TV & Film Slides—35mm trailers (many from old film classics)—PhotoBook material (some is couple of hundred)—Magazines—old and rare Fanzines, plus other very rare movie publicity material, other unusual items, etc. List available for 25¢.

Photo B. Newville — Box 1416, Main Post Office — Boston, Massachusetts 02104.

HORROR FILM RARIES

Here's an unequalled opportunity to own for the first time rare SFantasy-Horror FEATURE FILMS—not little one-reel cuttings or "samples" sold by other companies (running from 8 to 10 minutes) but full length features as they were originally meant to be shown theatrically. All come as single 200 foot reels (some come in 400 foot length, or two 200 ft. reels on one reel). And all are in standard 8 mm.



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1922 — 6 full reels — \$60.80 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
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Boris Karloff in:

THE BELLS

1 1926 — 7 full reels — \$66.80 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A great filmic trip for all machine fans, especially for Karloff-philes, co-starring film greats like Lionel Barrymore and Gustaf von Seydewitz. Largely inspired and heavily influenced by CALIGARI. In this earliest of all Karloff features available to collectors, Boris, King of Horror, anticipates his future role of the future, stealing all scenes in the type of weird role that would establish his career. As the strange Mesmerist, who is first found in an odd traveling circus, Karloff appears in a succession of dark and macabre scenes that rank among the screen's best.

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THE GOLEM

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1920 — 6 full reels — \$58.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

John Barrymore took the time between great Shakespearean stage roles to star in this horror film classic which immediately established him as a film star immortal. Rated as the most chilling version of Stevenson's famous horror novel, Barrymore's transformations sequences stole the hearts of the mobsters. A truly frightening horror film.



METROPOLIS

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1917 — 6 full reels — \$74.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Long considered a "lost" SFantasy classic, it worried audiences when finally rediscovered and shown at the N.Y. Film Festival a few years ago. Its expertise use of special effects, camera work and quality result as examples of the most imaginative use of film materials. The earliest SFantasy feature film spectacular ever created and the first feature version of Jules Verne's fabulous Imagination.

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#5-Noted film historian William K. "Blonde Pansy" Evans reveals his personal connection with **LORRE** in the **PETER LORRE STORY**—with checklist of 18 horror films; photo-story review of **THE MONSTER**, leading **Barrymore** again; **Die Lugosi** describes **MONSTERS OF SOGAR**; **VICE SUGARHILL**—with illustrations by Frank Frazetta, **Creedled**, **Larry Cole** and **Al Williamson**; **OUTRIS SMITH**, interview with **Arthur Lubin**, director of **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**; **For Col Oursers But Goodies**, feature film of **IRAN COXMAN**; **OUT OF THIS WORLD** WITH **NOBIS KARLOFF**; **ADOLPH FANFAN**, new photo; **photograph by** **Smith** in 1914



#6—The second FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN FANTASY REPORT on **2nd Volume Science Fiction Film Festival**; **HORROR ON THE AIR**—nostalgic memories and rare photos of **The Shadow**, **Imper** **Science** and other great movie franchises; part 2 of **LORR CHANET**; **J.R. STORKE**, questions and answers with **William K. & WITCH COCKMAN**; **PART IV**, another FRANKENSTEIN film, **Charles Collier** on **Robert E. Howard**; **HUNTERS**, first year's work of **CHRIS** **LEE**; **WILSON** **OF KID DEATH**; **UNDERDOG** part 1; **FRANKENSTEIN** TV MOVIE-**GUIDE** listing all horror on TV.



#7-Mike Perry goes a visit to the set of **SILE MONSTER**; **DEB** interview with **AP** director **Dan** **Malloy**; **Joseph E. Lawrence** **123,000** **Monsters**; **2nd C. 2nd** **info** all about the **MONSTERS** AT THE **MUSEUM** OF **MODERN ART**; reviews of **TOUCH OF LUGOSI**; conclusion of **LORR CHANET** **J.R.** **story**, checklist of **Chase Jr's** **last**, **difficult** **version** of **SILE**; **THEY**'S **RECAP** **MONSTERS** **OF SOG** **SCREEN**; **TV** **Monstropolis**; **"B"** **feature**; **LEE** & **LEBOW**; **THE AVANGARD**; **THE** **REWARD** **SER-** **TON** **MONSTER**.



#8-Saved the Screen with **BU** **HANCOCK** and **Christopher Lee**; **David McCullum**—**The Man** from **MONSTERS**; **William E. Everett** **recall**; **The Last Days** of **Bela Lugosi**; **Mike Perry** interview **Horror** **makeup** artist **Ray Ashken**; **climbs** **RAMPAGE** **On** **the** **Set** of **Monstropolis**; **Lin Carter** **comes** **up** **1945** **The Year** in **Horror-Fantasy** **Books**; **TV** **Monstropolis**; **"C"** **feature** **he** **Monsters** **for** **Major** **poster**; **BARBARA**—**from** **1943** **serial** **two** **1944** **TV**; **SON** OF **FRANKENSTEIN** **poster**; **social**; **from** **Sam** **son** **BUNSLIE** **straps**; **RATMAN** **book** **cover**.



No.13—Special All-Star Issue: "2001: A Space Odyssey" anniversary; interview with **RAY BRADBURY**; "Planet of The Apes Return" exclusive secret facts; reviewed for the first time; **BASIL RATHBONE** interviewed **For** **Last** **Time**; **Jon** **when** **FRID** **profile**; **coverage** & **Dea** **on** **ROSEMARY'S BABY**; **BARBARA**, etc.; **"CAR-** **VAK"**; **comic** **parody** **in** **the** **in-** **imitable** **CoF** **reviewer**; **"TV** **Or** **Not** **TV?"** (that is a question!); **RAQUEL WELCH**



No.14- **KARLOFF SPECIAL**: "Tollan to Karl" by **Stanley** **Life** **As** **A** **Monster**; by **Stanley** **HORROR** **FILM** **HISTORY** **PART** **ONE**; **RAY** **BRADBURY** **interview**; **M.21** **CARNAK** **by** **Brady** **Brady** **(continued)**; **ILLUSTRATED** **MAN** **books** **reviewed** **by** **LIN** **CARTY**; **FRANKENSTEIN** **MUST** **BE** **DEPT** **ROVE** **(in** **photo** **from** **WIZARD** **OF** **OZ**, **GRAND**, etc.



No.15—HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS (part 2); **MAR-** **CONED** **reviewed**; **KARLOFF** & **THE** **LEUCY**; **THE** **DIS-** **TRING** **BOX**, with **Vincent** **Price**, reviewed; review of **YASIE** **THE** **BLOOD** **OF** **DRACULA** with **Gene** **Lee**; **Mind** **Blowing** **Comic**; **LITTLE** **NEMO**—**BRASH** **GORDON**; **MEN** **BEHIND** **THE** **COM-** **ICS** **FROM** **GURNEY**; **SE-** **NI** **WITH** **THE** **PLUMET** **OF** **THE** **AFEL**; **2** **difficult** **critiques**; **THE** **WITCH** **S** **BREW**; **fact** **article** **on** **for-** **gotten** **acts** **and** **medicine**; **HERDITORIAL** **BOOK** **REVIEWS**; **ad** **interview**



No. 16
Part I: **ROBERT** **BLOCH** **is** **review**—**WEN** **DING** **SLURS** **RULED**, **monstrous** **lateral**—**DOUGLAS** **GRAY** **not** **present**—**THE** **VAMPIRE** **LOVERS**—**Part** **3** **a** **con-** **clusion** **of** **HISTORY** **OF** **HOR-** **ROR** **FILMS**—**Redeveloped**: **Two** **1941** **Classics**, **1942**'s **OR** **JARVIS** & **M.21**, **etc.**, and **MYSTERY** **OF** **THE** **WAX** **MUSEUM**, **by** **Wm. K. Everett**, **MONSTER** **CONCISE** **Serial** **re-** **viewer**'s **CASE** **OF** **CON-** **SPICE**—**CAP** **MOVIE** **GUIDE**: **more** **than** **55** **recent** **S** **Friday** **films**—**Paul** **Lester**, **Head** **Serial**, etc., etc., etc., etc.



No. 17

ROBERT BLOCH interview
part 2, conclusion—RONDO
HATTON, comic artist at
an overlooked Warner film
—The M Fantasy film ob-
serves (part 3)—FILMUSIC
in THE FANTASY FILM.
—Review of an unusual
"debute" but fine 3 chapter,
THE MONSTER M-KID.
—FRANKENGSTEIN Cinema
Reviews of more than 18
current films.—Music
—THE CRY OF
THE LASSIE—THE
CRIMSON CUNT—The
Banger—Spectacular Film
News is depth—Comic
Graphics in short, another
smashing issue.



No. 18

EXCLUSIVE CARBAMIDE
Interview. — One of BOB
KARL O'PPO's last films, **CAR-**
BON OF BLOOD. — Details
symptoms and analysis of a great
Horror Chiller. **NIGHT OF THE**
LIVING DEAD. — An essay
review of the works of H. P.
Lovecraft. — The legend of
Mama Glacé from her gloom:
The Shattered Room, The
Haunted Palace, The Dawdling
Hemlock. — Jodorowsky's sur-
real horror-fantasy. **EL TOPO**.
— A look at **TALES FROM**
THE CRYPT and what made it
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Barr, etc.



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